CHICAGO LEDGER

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"I cannot explain---now," she faltered.

(See "Misled in Milwaukee," on next page.)

Misled in Milwaukee

-:- Or -:-

The Search for Xeno

By Harry Stephen Keeler

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CHAPTER I.

A MEETING ON THE TRAIN.

AS HE waited restlessly on the little platform of the depot at Wauwaukauchee Lake, his ears unconsciously keyed for the whistle of the Milwaukee Flyer, Clint Farrell gazed absently down the long road which led to the tiny frame depot and the lowered semaphore arm. A quarter of a mile distant the little town of Wauwaukauchee Lake was visible, its scattered houses and one main business street showing up plainly on account of the deep hollow in which the village lay. To its left, a short distance, the diminutive lake itself glistened in the afternoon sunlight. But to Clint Farrell, standing alone and impatient on the depot platform, there was no town, no lake, no afternoon orb in the sky; only the contents of a long, official-looking envelope which he withdrew from his breast pocket and read for the twentieth time that day. The typed words ran:

"POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
"MILWAUKEE, WIS., 476 Broadway.
"Mr. Clinton Farrell, Wauwaukauchee Lake, Wisconsin.

"Dear Sir: The Milwaukee police department acknowledges your request for information concerning one Xeno Zanthus Farrell, your brother, who you claim disappeared in Milwaukee about two weeks ago. Beyond the records of this department, which show no entries tending to throw any light on the matter, we have no facilities for making a complete search for missing persons. If, as you say, locating him alive or dead within three days is necessary for the consummation of a joint tenancy real estate sale, I can only suggest that you come on in person to Milwaukee, make a thoro search of all public hospitals as well as of the private hospitals in the plants at West Allis, and secure what information you can from his last rooming place and from his last employers, Gimbel Brothers.

"To facilitate this investigation on your part I inclose an official police department card, which will bring you information from all channels wherein possible information concerning a missing person might lie. This office would appreciate your reporting to it what results you get from your personal investigation. Very truly yours,
"MILWAUKEE POLICE DEPARTMENT,
"Per R., Record Clerk."

For a while Clint stared unseeingly at the communication and its accompanying printed card; then he slipped it back into its envelope, replaced the [illegible] in his breast pocket, and with- second typewritten letter, which he opened. The second letter, showing evidences like the first of having been reread many times, ran:

"PABST BUILDING, Milwaukee, Wis.
"Mr. Clinton Farrell,
"Wauwaukauchee Lake, Wisconsin.

"Dear Mr. Farrell: I shall have to do business with you and your brother within three days, if we do business at all. I am now all in readiness to begin the construction of the stock farm mentioned in my last communication to you, and it will mean either the purchase of the 140 acres north of my present holdings, or the 140 acres to the south, now under joint title of yourself and your brother.

"I prefer your piece of land on account of its shape and the creek running thru it, and stand ready to pay over the amount at $100 an acre, just as soon as I can secure the joint signatures of yourself and brother, on account of the peculiar situation regarding ownership. Unless I hear from you within three days, however, I shall consider the deal off and shall purchase the land to the north. I am at my offices daily, in the Pabst Building here in this city, at any time you feel like coming down to the metropolis.

"Very sincerely yours,
"GORDON POMEROY."

For another long minute Clint Farrell stood where he was, lost in thought, but his abstractions were interrupted by the long, weird whistle of the Milwaukee Flyer, bound south from St. Paul. He hastily replaced the second letter in his breast pocket, and took up his old-fashioned telescope valise. As the train hove into view around a bend, and stopped steaming and sweating and chugging in response to the lowered semaphore arm, he climbed up on the steps of the third coach and made his way inside.

His progress down the carpeted aisle of the train, now rapidly gathering speed, was arrested by a familiar voice behind him. Telescope in hand, he spun around and gazed curiously down the double rows of travel-tired faces. His attention was riveted momentarily by a pretty, dark-eyed girl, clad in black silk, and with a lone black traveling bag on the rack above her head; then by a red-faced, red-mustached man who sat across the aisle from her, a shiny marshal's star just showing on the exposed part of his gray flannel shirt.

"Tom Medford!" Clint exclaimed to himself, as he caught sight of the latter. He advanced up the aisle and stopped at the seat occupied by the red-mustached man. "Hello, Tom! Couldn't believe my eyes at first. What's the town marshal of Nagahotah, Wisconsin, doing on the Milwaukee Flyer?"

"Sit down, Clint," drawled the flannel-shirted man. He moved over in the red plush seat. "Sling your telescope up on the rack. Where you bound for, lad? I'm going as far as Oconomowoc myself—to see the man whose auto provided the getaway for Double-Eye last Friday." He spat deftly thru the half-opened window. "Of course, you read about it, eh?"

"Can't say that I did, Tom." Clint flung his telescope up on the rack and dropped down at the side of the older man, at the same time casting a look at the girl in black silk, who now lay back in her seat with her eyes closed. "And who might—er—Double-Eye be? I'm not quite so familiar with crookdom as you, Tom."

"Double-Eye?" laughed the Nagahotah town marshal. "Some monicker, eh?" He spat thru the window again. "Eddie McGuirk's his right name. Eastern crook; all 'round man. Pickpocket, small town bank blower, con man, porch climber and city sneak thief. Eastern police call him Double-Eye; got one blue eye and one brown eye. Some poor physiognomy for a crook, eh? Blew into Nagahotah last week and tried to peter the Nagahotah bank, but we nabbed him before the blast. Managed to hold him in the town lockup till last Friday; then he broke away. Got as far as Oconomowoc on a rattler, then lifted a six-cylinder machine in town and drove away toward Milwaukee. Milwaukee police picked him up this morning—the fifth day since his escape. And me? Well, I'm going down to bring him back after I see this car owner at Oconomowoc, and believe me, Clint, I'll have a posse sit around that jail next time." Medford paused. He looked curiously down at the younger man. "And yourself, Clint? What brings you on the Milwaukee Flyer? Not tired of small town life, are you? And how's that younger brother of yours—the one with the freak name—the one that was named after that Greek professor uncle of yours? Xeno—what do you call him?"

Clint's face took on a troubled look. "Xeno Zanthus Farrell," he returned slowly. "Yes, it was sure a freak name that Uncle Zanthus gave him; but don't lose sight of the fact, Tom, that Uncle Zanthus left Zeno and me 140 acres of the finest land in Wisconsin." He paused. "And that's what is bringing me down to Milwaukee. Xeno has disappeared."

CHAPTER II.

FEMININITY IN DISTRESS.

THE town marshal of Nagahotah opened his eyes with surprise. "Disappeared!" he exclaimed. "Disappeared?" Exactly, Tom," the younger fellow returned. "Got tired of doing shorthand and typewriting in the bank at Wauwaukauchee Lake and decided to go down and live in the big city of Milwaukee for a change. Got a stenographic job of some kind in one of the departments of Gimbel Brothers' big department store, and the last I heard from him he was rooming out on Park place, near Riverside Park. A week ago I received an offer from a Mr. Gordon Pomeroy, a big wealthy Milwaukee corporation lawyer with a hobby for stock raising, of $14,000 for the land. Of course the land was left to Xeno and me in joint tenancy form—neither one of us can ever sell without the other's signature; if either of us dies—then the other is full owner. Since neither one of us ever wanted to work the land, I wrote to Xeno at once to tell him to get ready to sign. But lo and behold, his landlady replied that he hadn't shown up for nearly two weeks. Went out one night saying he was going to the Crystal Vaudeville Theater on Second street near Grand avenue; but he never returned. And she's been waiting all this time to get a letter from him so that she could get his address and notify his relatives. Which is me, of course."

For a long time the marshal stared at the seat in front of him. Finally he turned and spoke: "That's certainly a strange thing, I must say. Did you advertise? Did you notify the Milwaukee police?"

"Yes. Mailed a personal ad at once to the Milwaukee Evening Journal, addressed just to 'Bud,' stating that a chance had come at last to sell the land. I thought at first that Xeno had gotten into some trouble with Gimbel Brothers and had moved in a hurry. Then I wrote to the police department." He fumbled in his pocket and withdrew the longer letter of the two which rested there. "And here's their answer."

The marshal read it thru and returned it to Clint. "Well, it certainly puts you into a queer position," he commented. "You can't sell a square inch of that land without his signature alongside o' yours; and unless you can prove him legally dead, you can't gain title for yourself." Puzzled, he shook his head. "It looks to me that——"

"O—con—o—mo—woc!" called the brakeman, hurrying thru the car. "O—con—o—mo—woc."

Medford placed his broad-brimmed gray felt hat on his head, and stood up in the lurching car. He thrust out his hand.

"Here's where I get off, Clint," he said hurriedly. "Sorry I'm not going on all the way to Milwaukee with you, but I've got to see the owner of the car that Double-Eye Eddie McGuirk lifted, to get additional charges against that eel." The train came to a whining, grinding standstill at the Oconomowoc platform. "The best of luck to you, lad. Comb the hospitals thoroly—and don't forget to try the private ones in the munition plants at West Allis. They're paying big wages in the munition industry—and he may have jumped his job to get some of the big money. I'll be up in Wauwaukauchee Lake next week, and I'll make it a point to see you and learn how you come out." He pricked up his ears. "They're calling all aboard now. So long, Clint. Good luck." And he was gone.

During the course of the long afternoon Clint lay back in his seat, wondering what results he would obtain during the next few days. The sudden vanishing of the younger brother was disconcerting, to say the least, for, even omitting any consideration of possible tragedy that underlay his disappearance, it would mean—unless he could be found alive or dead—some seven to ten years before the 140-acre piece of land could be sold, according to the State law regarding the duration of absence necessary to indicate death.

In and out thru the small-lake country the train wound, the afternoon sun dropping lower and lower on the horizon, the tiny lakes glistening like pools of ice, with here and there sailboats on the larger ones and water-lilied marshes dotting the smaller ones. As evening came on, and the view from the car window became more obscure and black, Clint turned his attention to the slim, dark-eyed girl who rode across the aisle from him. She sat pensive, her chin in her hands, her big black eyes occasionally resting on Clint's, her slightly turned-down red lips and delicately chiseled features giving forth the vaguest suggestion of sadness.

At last, however, the conductor passed thru the train, announcing: "Mil—wau—kee—in—ff—teen—min—utes!" Outside in the darkness, great breweries slid past the train, their square-cut buildings, dotted with tiny windows, looming mammoth against the pink-tinged sky from the foundries; their gigantic grain and hop silos illuminated by sputtering, brilliant arc lights strung up and down the concrete cylinders.

As Clint rose stiffly and took down his telescope from the rack above his head, the dark-eyed girl across from him pinned a broad-brimmed black picture hat over her black ringlets. Then she opened her handbag and took from it an aluminum drinking cup. She arose and passed back to the end of the car, where the ice water reservoir stood. When she returned, a minute later, Clint was busily brushing the cinders from his clothes; the train was just rolling into the arc-illuminated train sheds of the Union Depot at Milwaukee; the passengers were crowding forward at either end of the car.

Clint stopped abruptly in his manipulations, struck by the sudden paleness that had come over the girl's face. Her features, ruddy and smooth before, were now as white as chalk, a stray curl over her temple standing out like a streak of jet. Her whole shrinking appearance denoted terror and nothing else. Utterly forgetful of such a thing as politeness, Clint stared at her as she stood, drinking cup in hand, her red lips half opened as tho with fear.

As for her, her eyes rested a moment on his clear steel-blue ones. Perhaps, in that brief second, she read the character of Clinton Farrell of Wauwaukauchee Lake, Wisconsin, to its fullest extent—a character of grit, of energy—a character which above all could be trusted. Only for a fraction of a second did she hesitate. Then, as the train came to a whining, grating, shrieking stop in the Union Depot, she stepped hurriedly over to him and placed a soft hand on his arm.

"There is something about you that seems to tell me you could be trusted," she said softly but quickly, the words tumbling over each other. "You do not know me—neither do I know you—but—but I am in trouble. And I fear that unless some one comes to my rescue at once——" She stopped. "Will you help me? Please—please say that you will!"

CHAPTER III.

SEALED WITH RED WAX.

CLINT and the girl were quite alone in the coach by now. He stared down at her for two or three seconds before he managed to find his tongue. Then he blurted out:

"I'll be only too glad to help you, if there's anything I can do. Would you——"

"Thank you," she interrupted hurriedly. "Thank you—ever so much," she breathed. Her face still showed marked evidences of the perturbation that had come over her directly following her trip to the rear of the coach. She reached into her bosom and withdrew a long narrow packet, securely tied and sealed with red wax at the junctions of the cord. "I cannot explain—now," she faltered, "but I want to ask you if you will deliver it without fail tonight to a certain party? Please—please say that you will."

Even before Clint had had time to frame a reply, she had pressed the packet into his outstretched hand.

"Above all," she directed hurriedly, "do not give this over to—to any human being but the person whose address is written on it. And deliver it tonight. And—and—please don't think me bold to ask such a favor from a stranger, but circumstances——" She stopped. "You will do this for me—for one who is in trouble?"

The dark eyes looked up into his face so appealingly, as their owner took up her handbag, that it was hardly surprising that Clint nodded affirmatively. He glanced downward at the packet, where he could make out the inscription written in a dainty feminine hand:

"Mr. Phillip Seagrove,
"231 —— 26th Street,
"Milwaukee, Wisconsin."

For several seconds he studied it by the sickly yellow carbide lights above his head; then he looked up. But, to his surprise, the girl of the dark eyes had left his side and was already at the end of the car; she glanced back once at him as she disappeared thru the doorway, and the grateful look in her face had not yet faded. A moment later he could make out her figure thru the window of the coach, threading its way among the crowds into the brightly lighted waiting-room of the depot. And had it not been for the material feel of the packet in his fingers, he might have considered the whole incident imaginary, so suddenly had it come about and so short had been its duration.

He was quite alone in the car now. For a minute he remained stupidly standing where he was. Then he placed the packet dubiously inside his breast pocket, buttoned his coat tightly upon it, and taking down his telescope made his way from the train to the platform and from there into the Union Depot.

As he paused for a second in the waiting-room, half-heartedly looking about him for some sign of the girl, but finding no traces of her whatever, he found himself wondering what had caused that sudden change in her demeanor, right after her trip to the rear of the car? And why had she seized upon him, a total stranger, to make delivery of the packet to the man, Phillip Seagrove? And what, in the name of all that was sensible,

BE SURE and read Harry Stephen Keeler's remarkable detective story in this issue, "MISLED IN MILWAUKEE; or, THE SEARCH FOR XENO." You will find it extraordinarily interesting. Next week's Ledger will be the Fourth of July issue. Read its great story, "TWO FATEFUL FOURTHS," and its other fine features. Big, thrilling stories are coming. Don't miss a Ledger.

could the contents be that they should be shrouded in such secrecy and guarded with such unusual care? And what a stunningly pretty girl she was, he reflected, as he made his way from the Union Depot and over to Wisconsin street, where the depot master informed him he would find the majority of Milwaukee's hotels. There were no such girls as she in Wauwaukauchee Lake.

He paused, crossing the dirty, ill-smelling Milwaukee River at Wisconsin street, wondering again at the extreme haste and urgency with which she had impressed her request, and wondering, too, whether he should immediately inquire the way to 26th street and find this man, Seagrove, or whether he should secure a room and deposit his belongings first. Why, he asked himself with a sense of irritation, had he not made her give him her name and address before coming to her rescue? Why——

He decided on the spot, however, to secure a room first; then to locate the individual whose name was written on the packet in his vest pocket. Shortly he came upon a little wooden hotel, painted bright yellow, with red benches on its porch and green awnings over each of its lace-curtained windows; and over its entrance a great gold-painted sign that read: "Wisconsin Strasse Deutscher Gasthof." The proprietor, a big blond German with a bristling yellow mustache and a white bartender's apron, conducted him upstairs to a tiny room, the walls of which were papered with enormous pink roses and whose old-fashioned, multi-paned windows looked out on busy Wisconsin street.

Alone, Clint sat down on the bed and again reread the inscription on the packet. The whole thing was perplexing, beyond all doubt. Had any one else asked him to go out of his way to such an extent, he realized now that he would have refused point-blank; but, harking back again to the scene in the coach as it pulled into the depot, he knew full well that he would have gone to almost any lengths in response to a request from such a pretty and appealing girl as the one who was dressed in the black silk traveling suit.

He unpacked his telescope. His alarm clock, still ticking away, showed the time to be 8:15. He washed himself in the cracked porcelain bowl in the corner of the room, and then made his way down to the hotel office. There he learned from the big blond proprietor that he should take a Wells car and get off at 26th street in order to reach the 200's on that thorofare.

Ten seconds later he had boarded a Wells car on Wisconsin street, and thirty minutes later he was dismounting at 26th street, a residential thorofare, quite gloomy on account of its many weed-grown vacant lots and the great, closely set elm trees that overshadowed it. As he walked northward, scanning the lighted transoms for No. 221, he could see that here and there the sidewalks had been patched with macadam, and that the great rambling wooden residences belonged to the architecture of a former day.

At last he found the number he was searching for, and his ring at the doorbell was answered by an elderly woman with white hair.

"Does Mr. Phillip Seagrove live here?" Clint asked.

"He boards here," the woman replied curtly, "but he left this morning on a business trip to Omaha. And I couldn't tell you when he'll get back."

CHAPTER IV.

A BIT OF INFORMATION.

WENT to Omaha?" Clint repeated dumbly. "And so he's not in Milwaukee, then?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm sorry to say. He left suddenly on business, and told me his stay would be indefinite."

Clint stood undecided on the front porch of the frame building for a second, shifting from one foot to the other. Then he looked up at the woman.

"You couldn't tell me, could you, how to get in touch with him or with some one who might know his address?"

"Yes, I can. Just inquire at the offices of the Southern Wisconsin Brewing Company on East Water street, near Grand. It's a small, new concern, with offices at that address. Mr. Seagrove is business manager now, so just ask for Mr. Thomas Slinger, his assistant. He can probably give you any information you want as to Mr. Seagrove's return."

"Thank you," Clint replied.

He tipped his hat and turned down the steps. He proceeded along the gloomy street to the corner, where he boarded a car bound for downtown, and shortly found himself back in front of the Wisconsin Strasse Deutcher Gasthof. A quarter of an hour later he was snug in bed, the precious packet underneath his mattress, his mind filled with an interweaving train of perplexing and mystifying thoughts, of which one strand revolved about the strange incidents which marked the end of that day's journey, and the other about the inexplicable disappearance of his younger brother some two weeks before. He had gone to Milwaukee to solve one mystery, it seemed—and had bumped squarely into another.

The first thing he did after dressing next morning was to make his way over to police headquarters on Broadway, where he managed to see the same record clerk who had dictated the letter to him at Wauwaukauchee Lake and inclosed the card. The latter was quite alone in the offices at this time of morning. Without delay Clint took up the matter of the missing brother, and waited anxiously to hear what further advice the other might give.

"The first thing to do," the latter directed, "is to go over to Gimbel Brothers and find the exact date on which your brother failed to appear for work. Then call on his landlady, interview her and find out all the details you can regarding what he said or did that last night when he was supposed to have started out for some vaudeville show. After that, in turn, take every hospital—public, private or emergency—that you find in the telephone book, and by authority of the police department card I sent you, search their records of the last two weeks painstakingly. We looked up the city morgue records when we got your inquiry, but there's no entry of a black-haired young man with blue eyes among the river floaters or accident victims who met death during that period. Then come back and see me and let me know how you came out."

"But about these private hospitals in the plants over at West Allis," Clint queried. "Places of that kind are usually pretty chary of giving out any information, for they suspect damage suits as a rule. I feel that there's a chance, you see, that Xeno got an opportunity to get bigger wages as an office man or stenographer over in the industrial plants, now short of help on account of the demand for war munitions. If he did, he may have been taken suddenly sick. Will these plants give me any information?"

"You bet your sweet life they will," snapped the police record keeper. "Just you let us know if they refuse to hand out any information, and we'll get after 'em on the 'phone in a jiffy."

"Many thanks," Clint returned, rising. "I'm going out on the search immediately, and I'll let you know in a day or two what results I get."

From the narrow, dark brick, barred structure on Broadway, Clint proceeded straight over to East Water, a street overshadowed by business houses, some brand new, some so old and antiquated that the copings still bore the names of the original owners and builders, with dates in some cases as far back as 1868. Everywhere were the evidences of feverish grasping out after business gains.

Now, in the sunshine of the morning, he was more puzzled than ever by the incident of last night on the train, and he was more than anxious to get some information about the man Seagrove. Indeed, his possession of the packet was beginning to trouble him, for the girl's very agitation indicated that its contents were valuable to some one, at least. This being the case, the idea of carrying it about with him in his breast pocket as he was at that very moment was not a pleasant one. As he searched the business houses near Grand avenue for some sign of the Southern Wisconsin Brewing Company, he decided that as soon as he should definitely find the date of Seagrove's return to Milwaukee, he would have the thing locked in the old battered safe that stood in the hotel office of the Wisconsin Strasse Deutscher Gasthof.

Clint did not need to search a directory or to inquire from a policeman, however, for the offices of the Southern Wisconsin Brewing Company, for he came upon them, the gold letters on the window of the second floor and the brass sign in the entrance of a nearby trim, new building shouting the information to the passers-by. He made his way up in the elevator to the second floor, where he entered the offices themselves. It was plainly a small concern, and no doubt represented one of the smaller and newer breweries on the outskirts of the city. A closed private office was visible with the word "President" on it; and also a massive mahogany flat-top desk, bearing a black-lettered brass sign which read: "Mr. Seagrove, Business Manager." A stenographer was busy at a typewriting table and filing cabinet, and a roll-top desk, covered with papers, stood unoccupied at the other end of the room.

"Shell out!"

The flat-top desk bearing the name Seagrove, Clint saw, was occupied by a young man of about 26, with flaming red hair and slightly narrow forehead, who lounged back in the swivel chair with much ostentation. So Clint stepped up to him.

"This isn't Mr. Seagrove, is it?"

"No, sir; it's Mr. Thomas Slinger," the other returned. "Mr. Seagrove went to Omaha yesterday morning, and I'm temporarily occupying his desk and taking care of his work. What can I do for you?"

"It's necessary for me to see Mr. Seagrove personally," Clint explained. "I have something personal and important to go into his hands. Last evening at nine o'clock I went out to his house from the Union Depot to see him, but his landlady told me he had left for Omaha. She also advised me to find out the date of his return from you."

"H—m—m—I see." Slinger tapped on the desk with his fingers and stared at Clint. His face showed a measure of curiosity, but it seemed that he was able to restrain himself out of consideration for politeness. "So you couldn't get in touch with him?" he said. He paused. "Well, that was unfortunate. It appears just now, however, that he'll get in from Omaha at eight o'clock tomorrow night. Chances are he'll go straight to his boarding-house. So if you care to look him up tomorrow evening at—say—about nine o'clock—you'll be able to see him in person."

"Tomorrow evening? That's Thursday, isn't it? And you think I can probably find him home at about nine o'clock?" Clint rose. "I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Slinger. I'll wait until then."

"Don't mention it," smiled the other. He bent his attention upon a paper in front of him, beckoning at the same time to the stenographer. So Clint, taking it for a hint that he was presuming on the other's time, turned on his heel and left the offices of the brewing company.

CHAPTER V.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE NIGHT.

ONCE downstairs again on East Water street, Clint inquired the way to Park place, for it was at number 386 of that street that Xeno had last roomed. He rode out there on an Oakland car, which twisted and turned and looped and threaded its way back and forth, as tho it were making a desperate attempt not to reach the destination the street car company had provided for it. At number 386 he found a small stucco house, presided over by a Mrs. Sulzberger, a buxom German woman. The moment she learned that he was Xeno's brother from Wauwaukauchee Lake, she immediately invited him into her small parlor and carefully dusted off an old-fashioned red plush chair for him.

"Yah," she explained in broken English, "Xeno was a goot poy. He pay me de zwei tollar a week right on de dot. He work by Gimbel Bruders, effery tay, chust like clockwork. Den come dat night ven he say he tink he go down to de Crystal Theater, and he take his hat and go out by de house." She shook her head dolefully. "He neffer come pack. Mein husband notify de police, but dey don't pay mooch significance to it. Den ve vait to get a letter for him. One letter come—from Gimbel Bruders. Der second letter comes, und ve open it, too. Id iss from you, he's bruder, apout some lant vot you can't sell vitout Xeno's signature. Den I know your address an' I write to you." She paused. A black dachshund ambled into the stuffy little parlor. "Yah," she wound up, "Xeno vas a werry goot poy."

Clint queried the woman carefully, but elicited little information that was of value. He went upstairs to the room that Xeno had occupied, and found the latter's personal belongings still laid out on the bureau and in the drawers. The woman, it seemed, had not even packed them up, in spite of the fact that it was more than certain in that her lone lodger was not going to return. And so finally Clint left, after promising her he would return later, pack up Xeno's things and remove them, in order that she might re-rent the room.

Back to the business section he went again on an Oakland car. He had no trouble in finding Gimbel Brothers' big department store, for its towering height and enormous wire-strung signs on its four roof edges proclaimed its location to all pedestrians from the east lake front to a point far, far west of the ill-smelling river on which the Gimbel Brothers' building stood. And shortly he was in conversation with the head timekeeper of the vast merchandise establishment.

"I find," the latter explained, after he had studied the police department card and had withdrawn a roll of white tape from a pigeonhole in a vast compartment, "that Xeno Zanthus Farrell bore the number 66,626 on the time clocks. Just two weeks ago today he failed to ring in, and the failure has continued ever since. I mailed the usual form letter to the Park place address which he gave us, but it was not returned; neither did he reply to it or show up. He was acting as private stenographer to the New York buyer of the men's wear upstairs, and so I interviewed the latter. He couldn't offer any suggestion. The young fellow was quite efficient as a stenographer, he seemed contented, too." The head timekeeper paused. "So there you are, Mr. Farrell. I can't offer you much help—except negative information. The men's wear buyer is out till five o'clock today; so if you want to see him you'll have to return later. But he's as mystified as yourself, and he's worrying along with a girl stenographer and wishing he had young Mr. Farrell back, so he says."

For a moment Clint remained in his chair, thinking. So far he was no wiser concerning the disappearance of Xeno than when he had left Wauwaukauchee Lake, Wisconsin. In fact, now that the preliminaries were taken care of, the long search must begin in the hospitals and places where unknown men died daily. So he thanked the Gimbel Brothers' timekeeper and rose.

All the rest of that day, and the whole of the next, Clint traveled about the city on little faded-yellow street cars, which jerked and scurried about Milwaukee's streets like cockroaches. Occasionally he varied his procedure by covering his longer jumps between hospitals on "bonded carriers"—bedraggled privately owned automobiles which were operated for the nickels of the public. But no nearer did he come to the solution of his quest. Hospital after hospital showed him their books with the utmost courtesy—books whose record sheets bore the full physical description of their patients; in the few instances, however, in which he ran across entries of patients who were black-haired,

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The Fire-Warden

By Robert W. Chambers

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued)

"I THINK my father would like to know you," she said. "He seldom sees men—men like himself."

"Perhaps you would let me smoke a cigarette, Miss Elliott?" he ventured.

"You were very silly not to ask me before," she said, unconsciously falling into his commonplace vein of easy deference.

"I wonder," he went on, lazily, "what that debris is on the land which runs back from the store at Fox Crossroads. It can't be that anybody was simple enough to go boring for oil."

She winced; but the smile remained on her face, and she met his eyes quite calmly.

"That pile of debris," she said, "is, I fancy, the wreck of the house of Elliott. My father did bore for oil and found it—about a pint, I believe."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," cried Burleson, red as a pippin.

"I am not a bit sensitive," she said. Her mouth, the white, heavy lids of her eyes, contradicted her.

"There was a very dreadful smash-up of the house of Elliott, Mr. Burleson. If you feel a bit friendly towards that house, you will advise me how I may sell The Witch. I don't mind telling you why. My father has simply got to go to some place where rheumatism can be helped—be made bearable. I know that I could easily dispose of the mare if I were in a civilized region; even Grier offered half her value. If you know of any people who care for that sort of horse, I'll be delighted to enter into brisk correspondence with them."

"I know a man," observed Burleson, deliberately, "who would buy that mare in about nine-tenths of a second."

"Oh, I'll concede him the other tenth!" cried the girl, laughing. It was the first clear, care-free laugh he had heard from her—and so fascinating, so delicious, that he sat there silent in entranced surprise.

"About the value of the mare," she suggested, diffidently, "you may tell your friend that she is only worth what father paid for her——"

"Good Lord!" he said, "that's not the way to sell a horse!"

"Why not? Isn't she worth that much?"

"What did your father pay for her?"

The girl named the sum a trifle anxiously. "It's a great deal, I know——"

"It's about a third what she's worth," announced Burleson. "If I were you, I'd add seventy-five per cent, and hold out like—like a demon for it."

"But I cannot ask more than we paid——"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Is it honorable?"

They looked at each other for a moment, then he began to laugh. To her surprise she felt neither resentment nor chagrin, altho he was plainly laughing at her. So presently she laughed, too, a trifle uncertainly, shy eyes avoiding his, yet always returning furtively. She did not know just why; she was scarcely aware that she took pleasure in this lean-faced young horseman's company.

"I have always believed," she began, "that to sell anything for more than its value was something as horrid as—as usury."

"Such a transaction resembles usury as closely as it does the theory of Pythagoras," he explained; and presently their laughter aroused the workmen, who looked up, leaning on spade and pick.

"I cannot understand," she said, "why you make such silly remarks or why I laugh at them. A boy once affected me in the same way—years ago."

She sat up straight, a faint smile touching her mouth and eyes. "I think that my work is about ended here, Mr. Burleson. Do you know that my pupils are enjoying a holiday—because you choose to indulge in a forest fire?"

He strove to look remorseful, but he only grinned.

"I did not suppose you cared," she said, severely, but made no motion to rise.

Presently he mentioned the mare again, asking if she really desired to sell her; and she said that she did.

"Then I'll wire tonight," he rejoined. "There should be a check for you day after tomorrow."

"But suppose the man did not wish to buy her?"

"No chance of that. If you say so, the mare is sold from this moment."

"I do say so," she answered, in a low voice, "and thank you, Mr. Burleson. You do not realize how astonished I am—how fortunate—how deeply happy——"

"I can only realize it by comparison," he said.

What, exactly, did he mean by that? She looked around at him; he was absorbed in scooping a hole in the pine-needles with his riding-crop.

She made up her mind that his speech did not always express his thoughts; that it was very pleasant to listen to, but rather vague than precise.

"It is quite necessary," he mused aloud, "that I meet your father——"

She looked up quickly. "Oh! have you business with him?"

"Not at all," said Burleson.

This time the silence was strained; Miss Elliott remained very still and thoughtful.

"I think," he said, "that this country is only matched in paradise. It is the most beautiful place on earth!"

To this astonishing statement she prepared no answer. The forest was attractive, the sun perhaps brighter than usual—or was it only her imagination due to her own happiness in selling The Witch?

"When may I call on Mr. Elliott?" he asked, suddenly. "Tonight?"

No; really he was too abrupt, his conversation flickering from one subject to another without relevance, without logic. She had no time to reflect, to decide what he meant, before, crack! he was off on another trail—and his English no vehicle for the conveyance of his ideas.

"There is something," he continued, "that I wish to ask you. May I?"

She bit her lip, then laughed, her gray eyes searching his. "Ask it, Mr. Burleson, for if I lived a million years I'm perfectly certain I could never guess what you are going to say next."

"It's only this," he said, with a worried look, "I don't know your first name."

"Why should you?" she demanded, amused, yet instinctively resentful. "I don't know yours, either, Mr. Burleson—and I don't even ask you."

"Oh, I'll tell you," he said; "my name is only John William. Now will you tell me yours?"

She remained silent, coping with a candor that she had not met with since she went to parties in a muslin frock. She remembered one boy who had proposed elopement on ten minutes' acquaintance; Burleson, somehow or other, reminded her of that boy.

"My name," she said, carelessly, "is Constance."

"I like that name," said Burleson.

It was pretty nearly the last straw. Never had she been conscious of being so spontaneously, so unreasonably approved of since that wretched boy had suggested flight at her first party. She could not separate the memory of the innocent youth from Burleson; he was intensely like that boy; and she had liked the boy, too—liked him so much that in those ten heavenly minutes' acquaintance she was half persuaded to consent—only there was nowhere to fly to, and before they could decide her nurse arrived.

"If you had not told me your first name," said Burleson, "how could anybody make out a check to your order?"

"Is that why——" she began; and without the slightest reason her heart gave a cruel little tremor of disappointment.

"You see," he said, cheerfully, "it was not impertinence—it was only formality."

"I see," she said, approvingly, and began to find him a trifle tiresome.

Meanwhile he had confidently skipped to another subject. "Phosphates and nitrogen are what those people need for their farms. Now if you prepare your soil—do your own mixing, of course—then begin with red clover, and plow——"

Her gray eyes were so wide open that he stopped short to observe them; they were so beautiful that his observation continued until she colored furiously. It was the last straw.

"The fire is out, I think," she said, calmly, rising to her feet; "my duty here is ended, Mr. Burleson."

"Oh—are you going?" he asked, with undisguised disappointment. She regarded him in silence for a moment. How astonishingly like that boy he was—this six-foot——

"Of course I am going," she said, and wondered why she had said "of course" with emphasis. Then she whistled to her mare.

"May I ride with you to the house?" he asked, humbly.

She was going to say several things, all politely refusing. What she did say was, "Not this time."

Then she was furious with herself, and began to hate him fiercely, until she saw something in his face that startled her. The mare came up; she flung the bridle over hastily, set foot to metal, and seated herself in a flash. Then she looked down at the man beside her, prepared for his next remark.

It came at once. "When may we ride together, Miss Elliott?"

She became strangely indulgent. "You know," she said, as tho instructing youth, "that the first proper thing to do is to call upon my father, because he is older than you, and he is physically unable to make the first call."

"Then by Wednesday we may ride?" he inquired, so guilelessly that she broke into a peal of delicious laughter.

"How old are you, Mr. Burleson? Ten?"

"I feel younger," he said.

"So do I," she said. "I feel like a little girl in a muslin gown." Two spots of color tinted her cheeks. He had never seen such beauty in human guise, and he came very near saying so. Something in the aromatic mountain air was tempting her to recklessness. Amazed, exhilarated by the temptation, she sat there looking down at him; and her smile was perilously innocent and sweet.

"Once," she said, "I knew a boy—like you—when I wore a muslin frock, and I have never forgotten him. He was extremely silly."

"Do you remember only silly people?"

"I can't forget them; I try."

"Please don't try any more," he said.

She looked at him, still smiling. She gazed off thru the forest, where the men were going home, shovels shouldered, the blades of ax and spade bloodred in the sunset light.

How long they stood there she scarcely reckoned, until a clear primrose light crept in among the trees, and the evening mist rose from an unseen pond, floating thru the dimmed avenues of pines.

"Good night," she said, gathered bridle, hesitated, then held out her ungloved hand.

Galloping homeward, the quick pressure of his hand still burning her palm, she swept along in a maze of disordered thought. And being by circumstances, tho not by inclination, an orderly young woman, she attempted a mental reorganization. This she completed as she wheeled her mare into the main forest road; and, her happy, disordered thoughts rearranged with a layer of cold logic to quiet them, reaction came swiftly; her cheeks burned when she remembered her own attitude of half-accepted intimacy with this stranger. How did he regard her? How cheaply did he already hold her—this young man idling here in the forest for his own pleasure?

But she had something more important on hand than the pleasures of remorseful cogitation as she rode up to the store and drew bridle, where in their shirt-sleeves the prominent citizens were gathered. She began to speak immediately. She did not mince matters; she enumerated them by name, dwelt coldly upon the law governing arson, and told them exactly where they stood.

She was, by courtesy of long residence, one of them. She taught their children, she gave them pills and powders, and had stood by them even when they had the law against them—stood by them loyally and in the very presence of Grier, fencing with him at every move, combating his brutality with deadly intelligence.

They collapsed under her superior knowledge; they trusted her, fawned on her, whined when she rebuked them, carried themselves more decently for a day or two when she dropped a rare word of commendation. They respected her in spite of the latent ruffianly instinct which sneers at women; they feared her as a parish fears its priest; they loved her as a child loves a sandbee—which was rather toleration than affection; the toleration of half-starved bobcats.

And now the schoolmarm had turned on them—turned on them with undisguised contempt. Never before had she betrayed contempt for them. She spoke of cowardice, too. That bewildered them. Nobody had ever suggested that.

She spoke of the shame of jail; they had heretofore been rather proud of it—all this seated there in the saddle, the light from the store lamp shining full in her face; and they huddled there on the veranda, gaping at her, stupefied.

Then she suddenly spoke of Burleson, praising him, endowing him with every quality the nobility of her own mind could compass. She extolled his patience under provocation, bidding them to match it with equal patience. She bade them be men in the face of this Burleson, who was a man; to display a dignity to compare with his; to meet him squarely, to deal fairly, to make their protests to his face and not whisper crime behind his back.

And that was all; she swung her mare off into the darkness; they listened to the far gallop, uttering never a word. But when the last distant hoof-stroke had ceased, Mr. Burleson's life and forests were safe in the country. How safe his game was they themselves did not exactly know.

That night Burleson walked into the store upon the commonplace errand of buying a jackknife. It was well that he did not send a groom; better still when he explained "one of the old-fashioned kind—the kind I used as a schoolboy."

"To whittle willow whistles," suggested old man Santry. His voice was harsh; it was an effort for him to speak.

"That's the kind," said Burleson, picking out a one-blader.

Santry was coughing; presently Burleson looked around.

"Find swallowing hard?" he asked.

"Swallerin' ain't easy. I ketched cold."

"Let's see," observed Burleson, strolling up to him and deliberately opening the old man's jaws, not only to Santry's astonishment, but the stupefaction of the community around the unlighted stove.

"Bring a lamp over here," said the young man.

Somebody brought it.

"Tonsilitis," said Burleson, briefly. "I'll send you something tonight."

"Be you a doctor?" demanded Santry, hoarsely.

"Was one. I'll fix you up. Go home; and don't kiss your little girl. I'll drop in after breakfast."

Two things were respected in Fox Crossroads—death and a doctor—neither of which the citizens understood.

But old man Santry, struggling obstinately with his awe of things medical, rasped out, "I ain't goin' to pay no doctor's bills fur a cold!"

"Nobody pays me any more," said Burleson, laughing. "I only doctor people to keep my hand in. Go home, Santry; you're sick."

Mr. Santry went, pausing at the door to survey the gathering with vacant astonishment.

Burleson paid for his knife, bought a dozen stamps, tested the cheese and ordered a whole one, selected three or four barrels of apples, and turned on his heel with a curt good night.

"Say!" broke out old man Storm, as he reached the door; "you wasn't plannin' to hev the law on Abe, was you?"

"About that grass fire?" inquired Burleson, wheeling in his tracks. "Oh, no; Abe lost his temper and his belt. Any man's liable to lose both. By the way"—he came back slowly, buttoning his gloves—"about this question of the game—it has occurred to me that it can be adjusted very simply. How many men in this town are hunters?"

Nobody answered at first, inherent suspicion making them coy. However, it finally appeared that in a community of twenty families there were some four of nature's noblemen who "admired to go gunnin' with a smell-dog."

"Four," repeated Burleson. "Now just see how simple it is. The law allows thirty woodcock, thirty partridges, and two deer to every hunter. That makes eight deer and two hundred and forty birds out of the preserve, which is very little—if you shoot straight enough to get your limit!" he laughed. "But it being a private preserve, you'll do your shooting on Saturdays, and check off your bag at the gate of the lodge—so that you won't make any mistakes in going over the limit." He laughed again, and pointed at a lean hound lying under the counter.

"Hounds are barred; only 'smell-dogs' admitted," he said. "And"—he became quietly serious—"I count on each one of you four men to aid my patrol in keeping the game laws and the fire laws and every forest law on the statutes. And I count on you to take out enough fox and mink pelts to pay me for my game—and you yourselves for your labor; for tho it is my game by the law of the land, what is mine is no source of pleasure to me unless I share it. Let us work together to keep the streams and coverts and forests well stocked. Good night."

About eleven o'clock that evening Abe Storm slunk into the store, and the community rose and fell on him and administered the most terrific beating that a husky young man ever emerged from alive.

CHAPTER III.

IN OCTOBER the maple leaves fell, the white birches showered the hillsides with crumpled gold, the ruffed grouse put on its downy stockings, the great hare's flanks became patched with white. Cold was surely coming; somewhere behind the blue porth the Great White Winter stirred in its slumber.

As yet, however, the oaks and beeches still wore their liveries of rustling amber, the short grass on hillside pastures was intensely green, flocks of thistlebirds disguised in demure russet passed in wavering flight from thicket to thicket, and over all a hot sun blazed in a sky of sapphire, linking summer and autumn together in the magnificence of a perfect afternoon.

Miss Elliott, riding beside Burleson, had fallen more silent than usual. She no longer wore her sombrero and boy's clothes; hat, habit, collar, scarf—ay, the tiny polished spur on her polished boot—were eloquent of Fifth avenue; and she rode a side-saddle made by Harrock.

"Alas! alas!" said Burleson; "where is the rose of yesterday?"

"If you continue criticising my habit——" she began, impatiently.

"No—not for a minute!" he cried. "I didn't mention your habit or your stock——"

"You are always bewailing that soiled sombrero and those unspeakable breeches——"

"I never said a word——"

"You did. You said, 'Where is the rose of yesterday.'"

"I meant the wild rose. You are a cultivated rose now, you know——"

She turned her face at an angle which

left him nothing to look at but one small, close-set ear.

"May I see a little more of your face by and by?" he asked.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Burleson."

"If I'm not, I'm afraid you'll forget me."

They rode on in silence for a little while; he removed his cap and stuffed it into his pocket.

"It's good for my hair," he commented, aloud; "I'm not married, you see, and it behooves a man to keep what hair he has until he's married."

As she said nothing, he went on, reflectively: "Eminent authorities have computed that a man with lots of hair on his head stands thirty and nineteen-hundredths better chance with a girl than a man who has but a scanty crop. A man with curly hair has eighty-seven chances in a hundred, a man with wavy hair has seventy-nine, a man——"

"Mr. Burleson," she said, exasperated, "I am utterly at a loss to understand what it is in you that I find attractive enough to endure you."

"Seventy-nine," he ventured—"my hair is wavy——"

She touched her mare and galloped forward, and he followed thru the yellow sunshine, attendant always on her caprice, ready for any sudden whim. So when she wheeled to the left and lifted her mare over a snake-fence, he was ready to follow; and together they tore away across a pasture, up a hill all purple with plumy bunch-grass, and forward to the edge of a gravel-pit, where she whirled her mare about, drew bridle, and flung up a warning hand just in time. His escape was narrower; his horse's hind hoofs loosened a section of undermined sod; the animal stumbled, sank back, strained with every muscle, and dragged himself desperately forward; while behind him the entire edge of the pit gave way, crashing and clattering into the depths below.

They were both rather white when they faced each other.

"Don't take such a risk again," he said, harshly.

"I won't," she answered, with dry lips; but she was not thinking of herself. Suddenly she became very humble, guiding her mare alongside of his horse, and in a low voice asked him to pardon her folly.

And, not thinking of himself, he scored her for the risk she had taken, alternately reproaching, arguing, bullying, pleading, after the manner of men. And, still shaken by the peril she had so wilfully sought, he asked her not to do it again, for his sake—an informal request that she accepted with equal informality and a slow droop of her head.

Never had she received such a thoro, such a satisfying scolding. There was not one word too much—every phrase refreshed her, every arbitrary intonation sang in her ears like music. And so far not one selfish note had been struck.

She listened, eyes downcast, face delicately flushed—listened until it pleased him to make an end, which he did with amazing lack of skill.

"What do you suppose life would hold for me with you at the bottom of that gravel-pit?"

The selfish note rang out, unmistakable, imperative—the clearest, sweetest note of all to her. But the question was no question and required no answer. Besides, he had said enough—just enough.

"Let us ride home," she said, realizing that they were on dangerous ground again—dangerous as the gravel-hill.

And a few moments later she caught a look in his face that disconcerted and stampeded her. "It was partly your own fault, Mr. Burleson. Why does not your friend take away the mare he has bought and paid for?"

"Partly—my—fault!" he repeated, wrathfully.

"Can you not let a woman have that much consolation?" she said, lifting her gray eyes to his with a little laugh. "Do you insist on being the only and perfect embodiment of omniscience?"

He said, rather sulkily, that he didn't think he was omniscient, and she pretended to doubt it, until the badinage left him half vexed, half laughing, but on perfectly safe ground once more.

Indeed, they were already riding over the village bridge, and he said: "I want to stop and see Santry's child a moment. Will you wait?"

"Yes," she said.

So he dismounted and entered the weather-battered abode of Santry; and she looked after him with an expression on her face that he had never surprised there.

Meanwhile, along the gray village thorofare the good folk peeped out at her where she sat her mare, unconscious, deep in maiden meditation.

She had done much for her people; she was doing much. Fiction might add that they adored her, worshiped her very footprints!—echoes all of ancient legends of a grateful tenantry that the New World believes in but never saw.

After a while Burleson emerged from Santry's house, gravely returning the effusive adieus of the family.

"You are perfectly welcome," he said, annoyed; "it is a pleasure to be able to do anything for children."

And as he mounted he said to Miss Elliott, "I've fixed it, I think."

"Fixed her hip?"

"No; arranged for her to go to New York. They do that sort of thing there. I see no reason why the child should not walk."

"Oh, do you think so?" she exclaimed, softly. "You make me very happy, Mr. Burleson."

He looked her full in the face for just the space of a second.

"And you make me happy," he said.

She laughed, apparently serene and self-possessed, and turned up the hill, he following a fraction of a length behind.

In grassy hollows late dandelions starred the green with gold, the red alder's scarlet berries flamed along the roadside thickets; beyond, against the sky, acres of dead mullein stalks stood guard above the hollow scrub.

"Do you know," she said, over her shoulder, "that there is a rose in bloom in our garden?"

"Is there?" he asked, without surprise.

"Doesn't it astonish you?" she demanded. "Roses don't bloom up here in October."

"Oh, yes, they do," he muttered.

At the gate they dismounted, he silent, preoccupied, she uneasily alert and outwardly very friendly.

"How warm it is!" she said; "it will be like a night in June with the moon up—and that rose in the garden. . . . You say that you are coming this evening?"

"Of course. It is your last evening."

"Our last evening," she repeated, thoughtfully. . . . "You said . . ."

"I said that I was going South, too. I am not sure that I am going."

"I am sorry," she observed, coolly. And after a moment she handed him the bridle of her mare, saying, "You will see that she is forwarded when your friend asks for her?"

"Yes."

She looked at the mare, then walked up slowly and put her arms around the creature's silky neck. "Good-by," she said, and kissed her. Turning half defiantly on Burleson, she smiled, touching her wet lashes with her gloved wrist.

"The Arab lady and the faithful geegee," she said. "I know The Witch doesn't care, but I can't help loving her. . . . Are you properly impressed with my grief?"

There was that in Burleson's eyes that sobered her; she instinctively laid her hand on the gate, looking at him with a face which had suddenly grown colorless and expressionless.

"Miss Elliott," he said, "will you marry me?"

The tingling silence lengthened, broken at intervals by the dull stamping of the horses.

After a moment she moved leisurely past him, bending her head as she entered the yard, and closing the gate slowly behind her. Then she halted, one gloved hand resting on the closed gate, and looked at him again.

There is an awkwardness in men that women like; there is a gaucherie that women detest. She gazed silently at this man, considering him with a serenity that stunned him speechless.

Yet all the while her brain was one vast confusion, and the tumult of her own heart held her dumb. Even the man himself appeared as a blurred vision; echoes of lost voices dinned in her ears—the voices of children—of a child whom she had known when she wore muslin frocks to her knees—a boy who might once have been this man before her—this tall, sunburned young man, awkward, insistent, artless—oh, entirely without art in a wooing which alternately exasperated and thrilled her. And now his awkwardness had shattered the magic of the dream and left her staring at reality—without warning, without the courtesy of a "garde a vous!"

And his answer? He was waiting for his answer. But men are not gods to demand!—not highwaymen to bar the way with a "Stand and deliver!" And an answer is a precious thing—a gem of untold value. It was hers to give, hers to withhold, hers to defend.

"You will call on us to say good-by this evening?" she asked, steadying her voice.

A deep color stung his face; he bowed, standing stiff and silent until she had passed thru the open door of the veranda. Then, half blind with his misery, he mounted, wheeled, and galloped away, The Witch clattering stolidly at his stirrup.

Already the primrose light lay over hill and valley; already the delicate purple net of night had snared forest and marsh; and the wild ducks were stringing across the lakes, and the herons had gone to the forest, and plover answered plover from swamp to swamp, plaintive, querulous, in endless reiteration—Lost! lost! she's lost—she's lost—she's lost!"

But it was the first time in his life that he had so interpreted the wild crying of the killdeer plover.

There was a gown that had been packed at the bottom of a trunk; it was a fluffy, rather shapeless mound of filmy stuff to look at as it lay on the bed. As it hung upon the perfect figure of a girl of twenty it was, in the words of the maid, 'a dhream an' a blessed vision, glory be!" It ought to have been; it was brand-new.

At dinner, her father coming in on crutches, stared at his daughter—stared as tho the apparition of his dead wife had risen to guide him to his chair; and his daughter laughed across the little table—she scarcely knew why—laughed at his surprise, at his little tribute to her beauty—laughed with the quick tears brimming in her eyes.

Then, after a silence, and thinking of her mother, she spoke of Burleson; and after a while of the coming journey, and their new luck which had come up with the new moon in September—a luck which had brought a purchaser for the mare, another for the land—all of it, swamp, timber, barrens—every rod, house, barn, garden, and stock.

Again leaning her bare elbows on the cloth, she asked her father who the man could be that desired such property. But her father shook his head, repeating the name, which was, I believe, Smith. And that, including the check, was all they had ever learned of this investor who had wanted what they did not want, in the nick of time.

"If he thinks there is gas or oil here he is to be pitied," said her father. "I wrote him and warned him."

"I think he replied that he knew his own business," said the girl.

"I hope he does; the price is excessive—out of all reason. I trust he knows of something in the land that may justify his investment."

After a moment she said, "Do you really think we may be able to buy a little place in Florida—a few orange-trees and a house?"

His dreamy eyes smiled across at her.

"Thank God!" she thought, answering his smile.

There was no dampness in the air; she aided him to the garden, where he resumed his crutches and hobbled as far as the wonderful bush that bore a single belated rose.

"In the South," he said, under his breath, "there is no lack of these. . . . I think—I think all will be well in the South."

He tired easily, and she helped him back to his study, where young Burleson presently found them, strolling in with his hands in the pockets of his dinner-jacket.

His exchange of greetings with Miss Elliott was quietly formal; with her father almost tender. It was one of the things she cared most for in him; and she walked to the veranda, leaving the two men alone—the man and the shadow of a man.

Once she heard laughter in the room behind her; and it surprised her, pacing the veranda there. Yet Burleson always brought a new anecdote to share with her father—and heretofore he had shared these with her, too. But now!—

Yet it was by her own choice she was alone there, pacing the moonlit porches.

The maid—their only servant—brought a decanter; she could hear the ring of the glasses, relics of better times. . . . And now better times were dawning again—brief, perhaps, for her father, yet welcome as Indian summer.

After a long while Burleson came to the door and she turned, smiling.

"Will you sing? Your father asks it."

"Won't you ask me, too, Mr. Burleson?"

"Yes."

"But I want to show you my rose first. Will you come?—it is just a step."

He walked out into the moonlight with her; they stood silently before the bush which had so capriciously bloomed.

"Now—I will sing for you, Mr. Burleson," she said, amiably. And they returned to the house, finding not a word to say on the way.

The piano was in decent tune; she sat down, nodding across at her father, and touched a chord or two.

"The same song—the one your mother cared for," murmured her father.

And she looked at Burleson dreamily, then turned, musing with bent head, sounding a note, a tentative chord. And then she sang.

A dropping chord, lingering like fragrance in the room, a silence, and she rose, looking at her father. But he, dim eyes brooding, lay back unconscious of all save memories awakened by her song. And presently she moved across the room to the veranda, stepping out into the moonlit garden—knowing perfectly well what she was doing, tho her heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and she heard the quick step on the gravel behind her.

She was busy with the long stem of the rose when he came up; she broke it short and straightened up, smiling a little greeting, for she could not have spoken for her life.

"Will you marry me?" he asked, under his breath.

Then the slow, clear words came, "I cannot."

"I love you," he said, as tho he had not heard her. "There is nothing for me in life without you; from the moment you came into my life there was nothing else, nothing in heaven or earth but you—your loveliness, your beauty, your hair, your hands, the echo of your voice haunting me, the memory of your every step, your smile, the turn of your head—all that I love in you—and all that I worship—your sweetness, your loyalty, your bravery, your honor. Give me all this to guard, to adore—try to love me; forget my faults, forgive all that I lack. I know—I know what I am—what little I have to offer—but it is all that I am, all that I have. Constance! Constance! Must you refuse?"

"Did I refuse?" she faltered. "I don't know why I did."

With bare arm bent back and hand pressed over the hand that held her waist imprisoned, she looked up into his eyes. Then their lips met.

"Say it," he whispered.

"Say it? Ah, I do say it; I love you—I love you. I said it years ago—when you were a boy and I wore muslin gowns above my knees. Did you think I had not guessed it? . . . And you told father tonight—you told him, because I never heard him laugh that way before. . . . And you are Jack—my boy that I loved when I was ten—my boy lover? Ah, Jack, I was never deceived."

He drew her closer and lifted her flushed face. "I told your father—yes. And I told him that we would go South with him."

"You—you dared assume that!—before I had consented!" she cried, exasperated.

"Why—why, I couldn't contemplate anything else."

Half laughing, half angry, she strained to release his arm, then desisted, breathless, gray eyes meeting his.

"No other man," she breathed—"no other man——" There was a silence, then her arms crept up closer, encircling his neck. "There is no other man," she sighed.

The End.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

POSSESSION.

Month after month, with slow monotony,
I did the stupid tasks of every day,
With scorn and pity that the world should be
Full of unending duties, dull and gray.
While all my heart was wild for wandering,
I dusted, scoured and swept with listless hands;
Was this, I thought, the best that life could bring
To youth's commands?

But now I sing all day, as to and fro
From tiny parlor to the kitchen bright,
With sparkling suds and crisp new brooms I go,
A shining path behind me. What delight
To pour the scarlet jelly into molds!
I love to make the slender glasses shine,
Because this little house and all it holds
Is yours and mine!

—Katherine Park Lewis.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Indeterminable.

"When do you think the war will end?" asked one inventor.

"There's no saying," replied the other. "We have the submarine; now we're getting the submarine destroyer and then we'll want the contrivance to destroy the destroyer, and so on until the calculation runs away off into the higher mathematics."

PARENTS

who love to gratify children's desire for the same articles of food and drink that grown-ups use, find

INSTANT POSTUM

just the thing.

"There's a Reason"

The Wind Cave Mystery

-:- Or -:-

Haunts of Fear

By Frederic Knowles

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CHAPTER XIV.

CLEARLY the fellow would never have come so far into the swamp only to paddle forth from it again; beyond doubt he had gone the other way. I hated to give up when I had come so far. Perhaps he had gone only a little way. I might be missing him by a mere half-mile. The frost had not as yet gone out of the ground, and my weight was supported easily. If I were late returning, I could always cross to the high ground and return that way to avoid the treacherous places in the swamp made soft by the sun. At the time the difficulty of this course did not occur to me, and I stepped forward with some degree of light-heartedness, thinking perhaps I was at last on the road to an explanation.

As I have said, the creek followed a crooked course, and so I was able to shorten distance by cutting across from the head of one bend to the curve of the next. However, I did this only when I could be certain no one might be concealed among bushes or trees on the curve. The creek lay for the most part still and black, with a depth of six or eight feet, perhaps, and with green scum hanging to the weeds on the shore, and here and there in the quietest places a thin film of grotesquely shaped ice in the shadow. But at a few points, as I progressed, I noticed long shelves of sand where the current flowed with barely discernible ripples and the depth was not nearly so great; perhaps not more than a foot and a half, or two feet. I thought of the visiting motor boat of the night before, and wondered if it could cross these shallow places, for it had occurred to me that this stream might offer a solution of the mystery as to the craft's origin. I was thankful that the Mouse relied on the winds for progress, or she would perhaps have disappeared by this route.

The air was still. The sun had come up in a cloudless sky, and already had warmed open places and made the trees glisten with melting frost. The willows gleamed wet, and the few leaves that still clung at intervals to them hung, stunned by this final blow. The grass still stood up strongly from the carpet of snow and swished harsh and dry beneath my movements. I was following no trail now, and so was forced to go carefully, while on the watch for treacherous holes underfoot. Roots caught at my feet and countless creepers conspired to upset me as I pushed on. And so I went about two miles along the creek.

The swamp was thawing; my steps were guarded now, and, despite that, I dropped halfway to my knee in the black ooze. I began to feel regret at having come, for as yet there seemed no ending to the place. About me the same stretches of tawny willows and gray-trunked trees standing at strange angles, while the yellow grass lay everywhere. And everywhere lay the little green pools with their scum of thawing ice and broad patches of moss. At intervals streams trickled into the larger one I was following, and I was forced to make many detours in order to find a crossing. It did not occur to me that the man in the canoe might have left the course I was following by almost any one of these smaller creeks. I pushed on, startled at the havoc being wrought by the sun as it climbed up the sky.

Once I passed a knoll with a few rocks rising out of the snow and the apex crowned by half a dozen pines. There was solid ground there, but I dared not pause, for every moment the swamp was growing more treacherous, and presently would become impassable. I now saw my folly in coming, and had given up all thought of pursuit as my anxiety at my situation became more and more my only thought. I hurried on. The black ooze caught my feet, and almost seemed to draw me down at every opportunity. Tufts of grass turned traitor beneath my weight, and bushes like claws caught at my clothing to hold me back. Creepers dragged at my legs, while I stumbled and leaped by turns across the dangerous openings. The swamp was fast becoming a morass.

I dared not leave the proximity of the creek, for then I should have no guide whatever. About me the desolate landscape possessed a deathly sameness. The trees all tilted frightfully, as tho having spent their life in clutching frantically for some support. Dead vegetation lay everywhere among a sea of bushes and tall grass. If I did not escape the place soon, I should be forced to trust to another cold night for my deliverance, while I shivered on some moldy log. The damp penetrated everything; I could not hope for a fire. And so I went onward as best I might, while thinking the place would never have an end. And then all at once, when I least expected it, I came to solid ground once more.

Passing thru a fringe of brush, I left the sea of yellow grass and found gravel under my feet. The stream had all at once broadened until it formed the beginning of a pool some fifty yards across, whose length I could not determine, for a long, pine-clad point ran down before me into the water and blocked the view in that direction. About me trees rose at the border of the narrow beach and sloped upward gently out of the labyrinth of bushes and yellow grass and into the restful tone of the pines. As I rounded the first light bend, I realized that the pool was in reality a lake with that portion lying before me, in a great semicircle to the southward. The water sparkled a brilliant blue in the sun, with the lighter-colored shores acting after the manner of a frame to emphasize the color.

The melting snow slushed underfoot as I pushed on, and so came at length to a thing surprising in that I found it where I did. A fence running up the gentle slope to the trees, its wires showing the marks of age. It had been repaired recently. Close to the lake a new post replaced a broken one, and on the steeple fastening hammer marks still showed bright. Some newcomer, I thought, and then knew I was wrong. The fence had been there several years, and some one was still about; the repairs proved that.

The long point I mentioned above was just ahead. Rounding it, I passed thru a dense growth of trees, descended a slight slope to an open spot, and so came in sight of a dwelling fully as pretentious as the one at Wind Cave. At the edge of the water stood a boathouse. A canoe lay upturned on the landing, while a power launch tossed gently beyond it. The launch was a short, tubby craft with a broad cockpit, and bore no resemblance to the one that had visited Lake Prince the night before. As for the canoe, it was the first I had seen in the country. It was a long slender thing of polished wood and brass, beaded at bow and stern with mahogany. Almost too feminine in its beauty, I thought, as I turned toward the cottage. It would not do any harm, I decided, to have a look at the inhabitants.

I leaned my rifle against the veranda rail and mounted the white steps, while my stained shoes left a dark mark at every contact. Ashamed at this, I turned back and attempted to clean them in the snow. As I bent over removing the worst traces with a twig, the door opened. I glanced up.

CHAPTER XV.

I DO not remember removing my hat; I found myself crushing it between my hands while I bowed. All at once I was conscious of my mud-stained shoes and corduroys, my brilliant mackinaw with the ravages of the swamp on it, and my flannel shirt without even that apology—a tie. What had seemed the very thing for my tramp was now impossible. I sensed a vivid longing for a collar, a thing I had discarded upon coming to Wind Cave. I was farther along in my thirties than I care to admit, and yet I felt the incompetence of a schoolboy; I could find no word.

And the girl. I was not certain of anything except that she was faintly smiling. And so there was nothing left but that I must smile, too, altho my embarrassment did not leave me.

"I—I tracked mud on your steps," I said idiotically.

Immediately she became grave.

"So you did," she remarked, as tho after reflection.

"Yes, you see, I—I——" Things were growing worse and worse. "It was——"

"Black mud," she offered.

"Yes," said I, "black mud."

"From the swamp," she went on.

I felt my ears burning, but I could not even stutter my retort.

"From the black swamp," she added, as tho it were a correction.

"Please!" I cried wretchedly.

The change that came over her face was instantaneous; the mocking manner was gone, while I watched hopefully.

"I am sorry," she said, "but you know you were almost—almost——"

"Ridiculous," I finished, and examined my shoe.

"Let us be more kind," she said, "than your manner of putting it."

"Not at all," I answered. "That was my sensation exactly; one does not meet a—a—divinity every day." I had found my word at last.

She flushed. Her eyes sparkled for one fleeting flash. Then, perhaps understanding that I really felt what I said, the manner was gone. Her glance a moment later was almost curious while she spoke.

"Thank you," she said.

"You should have ordered me away for that," I told her.

"Perhaps I am also curious," she retorted.

I drew my shoe thru the snow; it made no stain.

"I am hardly fit for inspection," I said; "you see the mud from the swamp—excuse me, the black mud from the swamp has, er—disguised me. You do not see my true self as you observe me." I stooped to fleck an imaginary particle of mud from my sodden shoes. Perhaps she thought I was, by my action, hinting for an invitation to enter. But I was not; I was merely taking a moment to memorize her features. Her hair was dark and low about her face, which was entirely beautiful. Her eyes were wonderful, but her features did not exist merely for the eyes, as is too often the case. It was almost as tho her eyes had to be lovely to avoid an anticlimax! Her entire head was in keeping.

"You wished to see my father?"

I glanced up at her.

"Because if you do," she went on, "he is—is not here."

Her question had not been courteous. I wondered at that. Perhaps after all she was really angry and I had been too stupid to understand.

"I am sorry," I said. "I wished to ask him a question."

She started slightly at my words. It was as tho she had believed they contained a menace, and I was at a loss for what to say farther.

"You cannot say when he will return?" I asked at last.

She shook her head.

"Thank you," I told her, and half turned away.

The girl stepped backward into the doorway, and as she made move to close the door, I saw her face plainly for one instant. Her eyes were starry with tears. My action was entirely involuntary; it seemed as tho it had been meant that way, that I was only carrying out some predetermined act for which no previous thought had been followed. The gods had taken affairs out of my hands. In such a moment is the whole course of a life changed. I was on the veranda in an instant while the girl was yet in the act of closing the door.

"Pardon me," I said slowly. "I would be glad to help you."

"You are a stranger—but affairs are most desperate——" she paused suddenly. "Why," she orled, "I did not ask you!"

"And yet I understood," I said, "and, understanding, I would be a brute not to aid you all I can."

She was silent a moment while her eyes studied my face.

"I believe you," she told me after a little. "Would you come in—or would you prefer to stay here in the sun?"

There was an appeal in her voice, and I understood.

"It is a beautiful morning," I answered, and drew the rustic bench forward into the sunlight.

I studied her face while she glanced out heavy-lidded at the lake and the sprawling pines beyond. All at once a great change had come over it. Her beauty was none the less, but her half-scornful, baffling manner of the instant before was entirely gone. I saw now that it had been all the time a mask. Presently she began without prelude:

"Ten years ago my father came to this place immediately after the death of my mother. I was sent to a school, and so did not see him for some years. Upon finishing high school I came here for the first time. I had not seen my father for five years. In that time he was greatly changed. Even his letters were different as time went on, and I found a man who was not the parent of my memory. Years of solitude here had created a new nature for him. Sir, I went away that time with shattered realizations. The following summer I came again to find him at work on a volume dealing with plant life in the North. Of course he was in a position to study it first hand, almost. It was a success in that he was immediately recognized by learned men, but he refused to leave this place. In the fall I went to college. I did not again return till this summer. My father has been at work on a more elaborate addition to his previous study, but I believe he has somehow lost interest in it. He works but little, preferring to spend his time in the woods and on the lake. He has made friends with the roving characters of the vicinity, and is with them a great deal, sometimes being gone for a couple of days at a time. You will understand, sir, that an absence of thirty-six hours, say, would not greatly alarm me. Upon leaving he would tell me of his intentions, and so I felt no worry concerning his whereabouts—until Saturday evening."

"And then," said I.

"He failed to return as he had told me. Sir, my father has been missing since Thursday."

"And there is no clew—no information as to where he has gone?"

"He mentioned a trip into the swamp for some specimens. He walked out of the house Thursday morning, and since that time no one has seen him."

"He went alone?"

"No."

"Who accompanied him?"

"Two other men. A roving character called Tracy and a trapper known as Roper——"

"Roper?" I cried

She started and faced me.

"You know him?" she asked with some excitement.

"Slightly. Will you please proceed?"

"They went away in our power launch, the Glory——"

"But the launch," said I, and nodded toward the one before the boathouse.

"Not that one," she smiled wanly. "The Glory can do thirty-five miles an hour any day. They went away northward toward Lake Prince, and of what became of them I can learn nothing."

"You have been searching alone?" I asked.

"Our only servant, a negress, is too old to aid me. There was no one else. Formerly a trapper would pass here every day or so, but since the—disappearance there has been no one."

"You are acquainted with the surrounding country?" I asked.

"Rather well, yes."

"And still you would not ask aid from a neighbor?" I chided.

"I——" she began, and then paused. "Why," she cried, "you are the gentleman who lives at Wind Cave."

Something about her manner was not genuine. Her hesitation had been too artificial. I tried a shot in the dark.

"You knew me when I came up," I told her.

She started and glanced at me keenly. "Didn't you?" I repeated.

"Not at first—altho I did afterward."

"You were frightened when I first appeared. Why?"

"Because," she said, "I thought you

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were an officer when I first saw you."

That statement took the wind completely out of my sails. It was the last thing I would have suspected, altho my mind was already going over the details of that mysterious visit of the night before, and I wondered vaguely if the Glory was a long, narrow craft of light draught with an exceedingly powerful engine and seven ventilators.

"And so you were afraid of that," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"At first. Later I knew you. Sir, I have seen you at Brownsville."

"But why did you not come for aid to Wind Cave?" I demanded.

"I did."

"When?"

"I was there on Sunday—and you were gone."

"Ah," said I, remembering the tracks I had found in the gravel. "I am sorry for that."

"But your friend came, anyway," she went on, "and went searching in my father's canoe."

"My friend?" said I, mystified.

"Yes, the gentleman who was staying with you. I suppose you found the note he left for you in explanation?"

I remembered the cottage as I had found it upon my return; the books, the Navajo blanket, the slippers, and began to wonder. Clearly I saw that something was wrong. I opened my lips to tell the girl of the mistake; that she had been imposed upon, and then decided differently. Her trouble was serious enough without that in addition. After all, it was unimportant; one canoe the less, probably.

"And you have seen nothing of him since?" I questioned.

"Of whom?"

"My—my friend."

"Not a sign."

"That—that is strange," I remarked, thinking I must say something.

"And so it seemed to me," the girl returned after a moment. "It occurred to me that the same fate might have——" she hesitated while her eyes appealed.

"I understand," I said gravely. "But then, after all, we have no reason to believe your father has met with an accident."

"But no other explanation seems possible," she returned slowly.

"There is no chance that he might have been called away suddenly on business, or some such sort of thing?"

"No. Besides, he would have told me."

"He might not have known of it till later. Perhaps he sent you some note and the messenger lost it, or neglected to deliver it. From what I have seen of these trappers they are shiftless folk."

"I cannot think that," the girl replied slowly. "Perhaps I am not sufficiently optimistic, sir, but I believe something has befallen my father. Things have—have not been as they should of late."

I sat silently watching her, and so she faced about to meet my eyes.

"This does not interest you?" she cried, her lip quivering. "Sir, I am not myself today. You will forgive me. Really this parading of—of family troubles is not my custom. You—you see there is no one but Aunt Molly, and—and she doesn't understand. I was so worried, and I couldn't find an answer to any of these things." She paused, very near to tears.

"Miss," I said, "I could not encourage you; I hope I am no Paul Pry. But I am none the less interested because of my silence."

"You are good to say that," she returned, but I could see she was not convinced. A sudden inspiration came to me, and I saw my way out.

"And th re is another reason for my interest. I am forced to admit that I am somewhat selfish. You have forgotten my friend who went away also. Any light you may shed on the situation will be of service to me as well as to your father, for it might almost appear as tho the cause for both disappearances was the same. Will you please proceed?"

"That is true," she admitted. "I have forgotten you have cause for sorrow also. Perhaps what I have to tell might be of assistance to you. And after all I know so little about it. Really, I have only suspicions."

"'A woman's intuition
Is knowledge verified,'"

I quoted, and bowed to the girl who had turned to begin her story.

"As I say, I have only suspicions, sir, However, they may be of ass' ance, for really we have only straws. I believe I mentioned my father's curious ways, and so I shall begin with an incident which occurred early in the summer, immediately after I came from school.

"I possess some small knowledge of motor boats, and always have spent much of my time on the water when here. Of course, my first week at home last spring was occupied with other things, and so I had no time for that at first. But the following Monday after my arrival—I am almost certain as to the day—I decided for a few hours on the lake the next morning. The Glory had been overhauled by my father, but in the afternoon on the day of which I speak, I went down to the boathouse just to make sure I would not be disappointed. The boat was in good order, excepting the brass work which had been neglected. Aunt Molly—that's our old servant—and myself spent some hours putting the more ornamental parts in order, and afterward Aunt Molly scrubbed the woodwork till it shone. Satisfied, we left the boat swinging at the float, and came home filled with anticipation, for the Glory really is beautiful.

"My father was suffering from a cold at the time, and was not able to venture outdoors. There was no one else about, and so you will understand our surprise when, on the following morning we drew the boat in to find our cleaning had been in vain. The cockpit was coated with mud and the varnish had been chipped in several places. Several boards from a packing case lay beside the ventilators. The black mud of the swamps strewed her sides and the rail. There was no clew to the perpetrators—there must have been more than one—and my father made no headway toward learning the truth. The whole affair was a mystery and so remains to this day."

"The launch was chained?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How?"

"Thru a ringbolt in the piling."

"And locked?"

"Yes. A heavy padlock thru the links."

"The padlock had been forced?"

"I do not think so. But then it was only a simple lock. Duplicate keys could have been made for it easily enough."

"I see. Pray proceed."

"That incident," the girl continued, "was sufficiently annoying. You will understand my frame of mind when it was repeated some six weeks later. After the first theft my father had replaced the old lock with a larger and more intricate one that could not be picked. This time it was broken. After that we kept the Glory in the boathouse. All went well for a time. And then one night, about a month ago, the door was forced. The sound awoke me, and I ran to the window facing the lake. I made out a group of indistinct figures clustered about the boathouse, but the night was so dark I could see little else. There was but one weapon in the house, a revolver belonging to my father. It was kept in his room. I ran to wake him." The girl paused, her lashes low while she hesitated.

"And then?" said I, thinking to encourage her.

"I knocked on his door," she continued, "but received no answer. I knew my father was a heavy sleeper, for many times I had failed to wake him. This night, however, I was thoroly frightened, and I opened his door. The room was entirely dark. I drew a match along the wall——"

"Yes?" I encouraged.

"Sir, the room was empty."

"Ah!" said I in a peculiar tone.

"I was afraid," she went on. "I glanced about everywhere——"

"But the pistol was missing also," I finished for her.

"Yes," she said, her lip quivering. "Forgive me for interrupting," I told her. "Please proceed."

"I crept back to the window in time to see a faint blot on the water flying northward. It was the Glory. In the hall the clock struck twelve. The night was chilly and the fire had gone out. I drew a cloak about me and crouched there while the clock explained eternity. You will forgive me, sir; I was very much terrified."

"I understand," I said slowly, "but morning came at last."

"I have the part which makes me ashamed to tell now; I watched the first light come in the East—and—and I fell asleep. It seemed only an instant, yet my eyes opened to find dawn. An instant later my father entered."

"And he said——" I offered.

"He chided me for being there. He—he did not suspect the other."

"There is also the possibility that he might have got up to investigate the noise before you came to his room," I said.

"His bed had not been slept in."

"If he were concerned in taking the boat, why would he break in his own doors?" I asked, thinking to sound her suspicions.

"Because," she said bravely, "he has a daughter."

"Ah," I said, "and now one other thing: What fear had driven you to his door another time?"

"I was afraid. I had witnessed something very terrible."

A thrill went thru me. Somehow I knew what she would say before she had spoken, and indeed so it proved.

"The light was turned low. I sat by the window watching the lawn under the moonlight, and I saw the figure of a man emerge from the trees. It was some one unfamiliar, and I wondered who it might be; I fancied I knew every one in the vicinity. There was a field glass on the shelf and I caught it up. I shall not tell you of the face I saw then; it was something horrible beyond belief. While I watched the figure paused suddenly. The features stiffened, became immobile. Death was written there—and yet when I glanced up, after a little, when my courage had come back somewhat, the man was gone."

"Good God!" I whispered. "Poor girl, and you saw it, too!"

"Another time," she continued, her voice low. "I saw it again. I—I remember only vaguely that time—I fainted. I regained consciousness to find my father bending over me; my fa' had awakened him, he said, and when I told him he said I should not stay another hour in the place. He wished me to go —for my sake, and yet he wanted me with him, too. I have stayed."

"Brave little girl!" I said. "I understand your terror. Let us talk of something else."

"It is that," she whispered after a moment, "which horrifies me. You know I believe my father knew of it, too. Do you suppose it—it might have overcome him somewhere when he was alone? My father is a strong man, but he would have no chance——"

I thought of the night before, of the figure behind the wall tearing at his bonds, of the effort as he cast them from him, and shuddered.

"You shouldn't think of that," I told the girl slowly. "And then, besides, your father was surely armed?"

"Yes, but he might have no time to defend himself."

"Let us hope differently," I replied. "And meanwhile we should have no great difficulty in locating your launch. It must be about here somewhere."

"There is this lake and Lake Prince. Then the swamp, with many out-of-the-way places, and lastly the river which heads four miles up this lake."

"I had not heard of that," I told her.

"It is small, but large enough for boats. We bring our supplies in by that way. The railroad crosses thirty miles below. I have always come by that way, and I know the river fairly well."

"And this lake—what is it called?" I asked, motioning down the slope.

"Shadow Lake."

"In searching," said I, "what has been your method?"

"I have had none. I merely took my canoe and went everywhere I thought the Glory could be."

"I believe there is a better way than that," I returned. "At Wind Cave there is a little launch that, while not quite so fast as your father's, will cover considerable distance in a day. It is dismantled at present, but a few hours' work will make her right again. We shall take that and go anywhere with little effort. If you would lend me your canoe, I will start homeward and put my launch in order this evening."

"You will find the canoe paddles in the boathouse," she said, "but just a moment and I shall show you."

I was already at the top of the steps, and I faced about to wait for her. She stepped inside and returned an instant later with a felt hat which she pinned on as she came.

"I appreciate what you are doing for me," she said. "I know that if I were to offer you money you would be insulted, and yet this puts you to considerable expense. Perhaps I am keeping you from your work——"

"Not at all," I returned. "To be truthful, I don't have any. And besides, you forget my friend. This is a mutual search, Miss——" I hesitated.

"Arlington," she said. "I—you must forgive me. I thought perhaps you knew."

"Really, I am not acquainted at all. You see, I never knew till this morning that I had neighbors. I had not hoped for such good fortune. My name is Frank Bennant, but you already knew that."

"Yes. You were pointed out to me at Brownsville, and then, besides, Mr. Norris told me," she said.

"Who told you?"

"Mr. Norris,"

"I don't understand."

"Mr. Norris, your friend.

"Oh!" ~

She glanced at me curiously.

"How on earth——" I began.

"Sir?"

I had nearly given myself away. And so my "friend" called himself Mr. Norris. I made a mental note of that, and then cast about for an explanation. When about ready to give up in despair an idea came to me.

"I did not understand at first," I said. "You see it is this way. My friend, Mr. Norris, is—is literary. He writes under a nom de plume, and I have grown so used to calling him by it that his real name has very nearly escaped my memory. Very stupid of me, wasn't it?"

"Very," said the girl, and I began to feel like a fool.

She eyed me a moment with no change of countenance, and then faced toward the lake again. Why she did not immediately suspect me of being an impostor I could not then say. I believe she knew then I had lied, but at least she gave no sign of it. Afterward, of course, it was plain enough, but at the time I could come at no answer to my thought.

The boathouse was somewhat similar to mine at Wind Cave, only perhaps a trifle more ornate and with a small storehouse at one side and a gasoline tank underground for safety. The building was not locked, and the girl threw back the bolt and we entered. A rack for canoe paddles stood against one wall, and she indicated it to me.

"There are several styles," she said. "Perhaps you will find one best suited to you."

My experience with canoes had been limited to a few pleasure trips, and I told her that.

"Then it will be rather slow work," she replied, "but we could never pass

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thru the swamps with the old launch. I believe the canoe is the only way."

I slid the slender shell of thin planking and polished mahogany into the water and got into it on my knees, for I would not trust my weight so high as the seats. The girl nodded approval at that, while I hesitated an instant with poised paddle.

"Be careful," she said, glancing down at me.

"As possible," I finished, smiling.

"And be on the watch—you understand." She paled slightly as she said that, and I knew she thought the danger very real.

"I shall," I told her, and dipped my paddle.

"Why," she cried, "you have forgotten your rifle!"

"So I have," I said, and drove my paddle deep into the water.

Perhaps she understood, then.

"Keep to the creek," she called, "and watch out for wind on Lake Prince—and—and other things."

I waved my hand. "Look for me by sunup," I said.

"I shall look for you."

I lifted my hat and then bent down to the task before me, and the canoe shot out into the deep water, while the bubbles boiled beneath the spring of the planking.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. It costs you only $1.00 and you will not regret it.

SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

The world's a school of experience.
Where every one must go
And pay a rather fancy price,
Some certain things to know.

E'en when we're old and wise and gray,
With many years run thru,
We find we don't know half so much
As once we thought we knew.

Not quite so foolish as we were—
For that the fates be praised!
Yet, still most prone to make mistakes,
Then stand at gape, amazed.

For every ounce of wisdom had
We give our sighs, our tears,
Or, maybe, grievous burdens bear
Thru weary, weary years.

And graduate? We never do!
Adown life's vale we wend,
Foredoomed to con our lessons o'er
Till death shall make an end.

Easily Done.

During some recent heavy route marching in Aldershot an Irish rifleman called Pat Doolan was admitted into the hospital suffering from rheumatism. Pat would have enjoyed his new quarters very well, only he was debarred from sending for or receiving intoxicating liquors.

One day, however, Pat determined to broach the subject to the surgeon, and accordingly, when the latter visited the wards and inquired if there were any complaints, our hero innocently asked for a change of diet.

"What change of diet would you like?" asked the surgeon.

"Sure," says Pat, "Oi'd loike a bottle av shtout, sor, as Oi'm feelin' mortial bad. And Oi think the shtout would do me a power of good."

"Indeed!" said the surgeon, with a twinkle in his eye. "It's a bottle of stout I wish I could get for myself now."

"Is it, sor?" said Pat, not in the least abashed. "Then you order me two bottles and I'll give you one of them, bedad."

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You simply say to the drug store man, "Give me a quarter of an ounce of freezone." This will cost very little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn from one's feet.

A few drops of this new ether compound applied directly upon a tender, aching corn should relieve the soreness instantly, and soon the entire corn, root and all, dries up and can be lifted out with the fingers.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that, while freezone is sticky, it dries in a moment, and simply shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

Don't let father die of infection, or lockjaw from whittling at his corns, but clip this out and make him try it.

Comrades of the Sword

Or, The Seven-pointed Star

By William H. Manning

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CHAPTER X.

MATED IN MISERY.

ON THE 20th of September, three days after their surrender, our comrades from Anton Chico entered the town, but were almost at once marched away for the city of Mexico. A long period of inaction followed. We did not see Don Hugo, who was in the hills, but of callers we had many, especially women, some of whom came to sell extra food. Something grew out of this, for it gave Dolores chance to visit us openly.

She came, and we had talks that meant much to us. I was told that her afflicted uncle was still active in our behalf, tho I saw nothing of promise in the efforts of a man who was confined to his bed.

I learned, too, how she had escaped from the hills the night that Guido died. Her own horse, recovering from its fright, had early walked after Don Hugo's party, and she had secured it with utmost ease, mounted and followed us closely all the way to San Miguel. Near the end she quickened her speed, passing us, and singing as she went so that I might hear.

We talked much about Don Hugo. She said he was of good birth and gentlemanly habits, but had so much of military coldness that it was hard to understand him fully. He had paid attention to her largely, but had never formally appeared as her suitor. Feeling confident he did not know she had been in the hills that night, she hoped he would fail to understand too much, but he was too far-seeing to be a safe observer.

"He seems to have good in him," she concluded, "but, really, I fear him."

In telling me she had seen Guido's remains consigned to the earth, she revived thoughts of my seven-pointed star. It had assumed more importance in my estimation since Guido's death-scene, and, asking her to devise some way for its safety, she brought me a strong cord of twisted silk. This was not valuable enough to excite the cupidity of my foes, yet it could be used to suspend the star from my neck. At the same time she brought a gift of her own, a snug, warm jacket of wool that afterward played no small part in my desperate fortunes.

Days followed, the local women held their fondness for visiting us, and Dolores came with them. Altho always under the eyes of the guards, we held short talks and our acquaintance progressed rapidly. Did I say rapidly? You shall hear. In that low adobe prison she promised that, Heaven willing, she would one day be my wife. All was not misery while we lingered at San Miguel.

Yet, a fresh blow was coming. On the 9th of October, or nearly three weeks after Sutton's party started for Mexico, we learned that the rest of our luckless friends, over one hundred and fifty in number, including General McLeod, had been captured at Laguna Colorado, and they soon appeared. They, too, were to be marched in the bitter cold thru the desolate region to the Mexican city.

Failure to release our immediate party had worried us, and presently we understood. A messenger came from Armijo to tell us we were to accompany McLeod's force on that dreadful march. Almost two thousand miles we were to go on foot.

Our rage burst forth and we demanded to see Armijo, but he did not come. Somebody else did, an angel of mercy, and I found myself looking into the frightened eyes of Dolores.

"Oh, I had hoped this would not be!" she exclaimed.

"Dear heart," I replied, "this is only a check to our hopes. When I have my liberty I shall come again to San Miguel and to you."

"Your passport!" she cried. "Do you think Armijo has it now?"

"Beyond doubt. If I had it in Old Mexico it would be honored."

"Send once more to the Governor for it!" she advised.

I sent, and that was the last of it, but preparations for our departure went forward. When the time came that I must part from Dolores my comrades gave their friendly help by closing around us like a shield.

"The days will be long until I see your dear face again," I murmured.

"They may be fewer than you think," she whispered. "Beloved, be hopeful, for it is not decreed that we shall see happiness perish."

What else we said matters not, but the parting was bitter.

The next day we began our journey, a force of three parts—first, the Mexican guard under Salezar, next a few warriors with citizens who seized the chance to travel under escort, and lastly the prisoners, one hundred and eighty-seven men in all, including General McLeod. The soldiers went on horses and mules, but the prisoners on foot.

Besides Salezar I saw other Mexican acquaintances. Don Hugo was third in command, but he gave no sign that he knew I was there, and we dropped him almost wholly from our thoughts. Manuel, the soldier I had once throttled, was not so reserved, and he soon rode near and smiled at me wolfishly.

"Americano," he said, as he had said to me before, "I shall live to see you shot in the back!"

I did not even give him a glance for an answer, but when he rode away, looking after him, I saw another familiar figure. It was Isaiah Shanton, and his manner was that of one among valued friends. Truly, there were vultures along with us on the journey.

Bitterness was in my heart and despair nearly mastered me, but the mood was not becoming to a real man, and I quickly rallied. Yet, there was ample reason for depression. I was going from Dolores, from hope, from bad to worse, and I must hold myself in check when I longed to fight.

We passed near Santa Fe, the original objective point of the Texan expedition, and on to the rough, rocky hills between the Pecos and the valley of the Rio Grande, where we tasted of the troubles of the march too acutely for comfort, but there was nothing of importance until we passed Santo Domingo and San Felipe and reached Algodones.

One of our night camps was made at the latter place. We had suffered in an exposed place the previous night, and as the cold now bit keenly, we besought Salezar to give us some kind of shelter. What he did was, perhaps, brutal humor. We were put in a building of two connecting rooms, only one of which had a window.

I could not guess what part that miserable place was to play in my immediate future.

Because of lack of space we could not lie down, but the wind did not penetrate, and our first impression was that it was better, crowded tho we were, than the outer air.

At first! But after?

Almost two hundred men were dependent on a single small window for air, and the supply soon grew inadequate. Suffering began, and we sent word to Salezar asking to be let out, but were ignored. Those farthest from the window began to choke and stifle. They moved excitedly, cried out for air and beat on the adobe walls in their semi-delirium. We who were nearer the supply shouted to the guards and begged them to open the door, but they heard without acting. Despairing of relief, madness assailed our wretched party.

"Air, air!" shrieked those at the rear.

"Open!" we by the window shouted. "Open the door, or we shall die!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT SURPRISE.

HOURS seemed to pass in that time of misery. Those nearest to death could do no more than gasp, but the stronger of the acute sufferers shrieked, and we by the window continued our shouts. Air, air!—the cry rose madly and floated out of the death-pen.

We were flinging ourselves against the door, trying to beat it down, when we heard fumbling at the lock outside, and a rough voice bade us cease. Pressure we could not withdraw, for those beyond us made an immovable power, and when, at last, the obstacle gave way at the turn of the key, we were precipitated forth like so many flying missiles.

I staggered out, stumbled, almost fell, and then regained my balance just in time to avoid trampling on some one who lay motionless before me, struck senseless, as I afterwards knew, by the violent outgoing of the door. This person was in great danger of being fatally crushed by the feet of the men who surged out, and I bent quickly, lifted him and sprang away just in time.

Had I been clear of mind I should have known that this person was not a Texan, since he was stricken an instant before we began to emerge, but, beclouded of mind, I thought I held a luckless comrade and must care for him.

Salezar came from his warm bed and took charge, ordering that pressure inside the building be lessened by the withdrawal of fifty of our number, who were put in the adjacent cowyard. I went with the fifty, still holding my burden. The Mexicans gave us no heed. It was nothing to them if a Texan died in hovel or cowpen.

I had come out bathed in perspiration. The cold air took hold of me bitterly now, and I made my way to the lee of the adobe wall that made one side of the pen. Blankets had been flung out to us, and, reaching the point of preparing anew for the night, my suffering-benumbed brain sensed the fact that I was stupidly holding a burden in my arms. Just then the burden suddenly stirred and my wits returned.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Oh! Edward, Edward!" was the quivering response. "Do you still live?"

Another kind of satisfaction fell upon me. The words, the soft voice—before, I had been bewildered, but now I thought madness was upon me. Words are weak to describe the emotions of that moment.

"I feared you would smother," the

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If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. There is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and sound, healthy flesh on your bones. But you must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is one of the newer organic iron compounds. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The Manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

voice went on. "Oh! my love, my love! Heaven be praised that you live!"

"Dolores!" I whispered blankly. "And here!"

My burden stirred again, and I heard a deep intaking of breath.

"Ah! I forgot! I did not intend to let you know I was with the party—not yet."

"Dolores," I repeated, still blankly. "You, here?"

"Where else should I be? My place is with you, in gladness and in trouble. I could not stay behind. Oh, my love, do not reprove me!"

"Reprove you? Never! But you—here! Here in the biting cold, the barren lands, the brutal company, the march of wretchedness, the long, long trail!"

I was still dumfounded, yet I knew that I held my dear girl in my arms and—that was all!. I was too much bewildered to grasp the rest, but, sitting in the partial shelter of the wall, I learned the whole.

"I never intended to be left behind," she explained. "I had long thought of it, for I doubted Governor Armijo's promise to free you. As soon as I knew you were to go with the others I completed my preparations. A party of citizens had permission to accompany the expedition in their private wagon as far as El Paso, so I had a friend make like application, and the request was granted without investigation. I am here with a wagon and two servants, Gustavo and Berta. Like myself, Berta is disguised as a man. Thus, calling myself Don Hilario San Martin, I seem to be traveling as a caballero with servants—in all, three men of us."

"But the cold, the hardship! You cannot endure so much——"

"Without you, no!—with you, I can endure all things," she answered, and tho it was but a whisper the words went home to my heart.

I gathered her closer to my breast, and we sat a few seconds in silence. In a way there was great happiness in having her near me, but my wits staggered when I realized what it meant and what might come of it. Could she have gone in safety her presence would have made misery less keen, but her danger was appalling. Salezar was a brute, and he led men worse than himself. Such must be her daily associates, and her servants would be absolutely no protection.

Addressing her tenderly, presently, I made her understand how much I appreciated her devotion, and how wonderful I thought it, but it would not do to blind ourselves to the practical side of the problem.

"How," I asked, "will you travel the hundreds of miles to the City of Mexico?"

"You and I will not go there," she quickly returned. "Listen! There was nobody in Santa Fe to rely upon, but in El Paso I have an influential friend, Don Basilio San Martin—I have temporarily taken his surname. Only for him, I should not be here now, for my mere presence was likely to do you more harm than good, and I came only to get his help. I will go to him, and he will surely help us. Beloved, you shall go free at El Paso."

It was well enough on the surface, but, hiding my doubts, I felt that the Mexicans would not release their vulture-like grasp upon me.

"Ah!" I sighed, "if I only had my passport!"

"You shall have it!" she whispered eagerly.

"Have it? How?"

"From my pocket, where it rests at this moment."

"Your pocket?—my passport?" I returned blankly.

"Again, listen!" my brave girl directed. "Governor Armijo is in Santa Fe, but he has not the passport he took from you. When I knew you were to go with the expedition I turned burglar! Yes, having ample opportunity, I secretly entered Armijo's house and stole the passport. And do you remember that, the night before you started from San Miguel, I told you the days before we met again might be fewer than you thought? Oh, I have not been sitting idle while others planned against you! The passport—it is here!"

She broke into a low, half-nervous, but wholly triumphant laugh.

"My love, my dear heart!" I uttered brokenly. "Your heroism, your ingenuity and devotion overwhelm me. The world has never had their equal."

"If I have worked for you my reward is in your appreciation. Wait for El Paso! Let that be our hope and our watchword. Wait for El Paso!"

Presently she grew more serious.

"What worries me most is the presence here of Don Hugo Villona. Not until we were under way did I know he was to be one of the soldiers of your guard. I fear his gaze will penetrate my disguise. If so, I don't know what will happen. I fear Don Hugo."

"Avoid him."

"I do, I must, but our party is so small I am sometimes under his eyes. Day will show you that I have deeply stained my skin to look the half-blood, yet he is shrewd and—but I hope all will be well."

Later, she told me of her part in rescuing us from suffocation. She heard our cries and knew of our danger, and also knew our pleas to Salezar had been ignored. Then she went personally to the captain.

"Those men are troublesome!" she complained. "How can any of us sleep? Why not punish them for their disagreeable turbulence by separating them for the night?"

The stratagem worked, and Salezar gave the necessary order. Beside herself with apprehensions, she stood near when the door was burst open. It flew back, striking her, and she was stunned. But for me she would have been trampled under the feet of the maddened Texans as they surged out.

All this we talked over, but it was clear that she must leave the cowpen and return to her private wagon. But how? The guards paced near the adobe wall and watched.

I went to Shea, told him what was necessary and enlisted his aid. Five minutes later he and I were seemingly engaged in a noisy dispute. The guard came, leaving an open space. Under his violent reproof Shea and I dropped our feigned quarrel. It had served its purpose, for she had slipped past and was in the wagon.

Left alone, I huddled close to the wall in my thin blanket. The pitiless air was unheeded, for my mind was too busy for personal suffering to weigh anything. I wrestled with a stupendous fact. Dolores was there!

Before us lay cold, hardship, death and inhumanity, and the miles of our way were many, yet she was there. It was difficult to realize, and more difficult to foresee what her coming meant to me and to her. All was changed. I was no longer a mere man, plodding with blistered, painful feet among scores of other men. They had their comfort and their lives to risk, but no more. Their loved ones were elsewhere. But I—my brain whirled as I tried to think clearly. My world had changed. Dolores was there!

CHAPTER XII.

A TYRANT'S WHIM.

WHEN we resumed our way in the morning I gave more than usual attention to our party, and soon discovered Dolores riding a fine horse alongside of a wagon I knew to be hers.

Up to a certain point her disguise was good. The darkening of her skin by some stain had effect, and her hair was cut short. Her attire was mannish enough, and perhaps she looked her part well, but I, knowing what I knew, wondered she was not suspected. Don Hugo, the man most likely to suspect, was at one side of the line, riding with the fine figure he always made in the saddle, and intent on duty.

While I was studying him the light whinny of a horse sounded close to my side with peculiar familiarity, and I turned my head. A miserable Mexican soldier was jogging along on Pluto, my beloved steed.

Sight of this dumb friend gave me sudden courage. It almost seemed to be fate that he was with me on the march, and perhaps the time would again come when I should feel his silky sides between my knees and receive the electric message that crept along the rein from his champing jaws to my hands. It delighted me to see that he was plump and sleek.

At that moment Manuel rode close to my side and, bending, scowled at me.

"You are being pampered too much here," he growled. "When we reach Old Mexico you will see how invaders are treated. I shall live to see you shot in the back, but, first, you will march under men who know how to dampen fire. Salezar goes only to El Paso, where others take up the convoy."

Pausing, he bent lower yet and grimly added a final sentence.

"After El Paso, the agony!"

This brutal speech took the fancy of his fellows, and from that time we often heard the words, flung at us by numerous other soldiers. How different it was from the hopes Dolores was entertaining. She expected my persecution to end at El Paso. The contrast was sharp, and El Paso came to have deep significance in my mind. There, it seemed to me, my fate was to be decided. Was it to be for good or ill?

Shea watched, studied, and finally sounded a note of warning.

"Man, nivir turn your face away from Manuel," he advised. "Rank mischief is in him. Beware he don't stab you in the back whin ye're not looking!"

About this time we prisoners consulted as to the advisability of revolt against our guards. We were not over fifty men fewer than they. The project was carefully weighed, but our total lack of weapons and their many arms would, we decided, enable them to butcher us to a man. The scheme was rejected.

We held our journey and passed Sandia and Alameda. Dolores had been careful not to be seen in conversation with us often, but she came now with information, covering it under a mask of banter at our expense.

"Captain Salezar," she stated, "will tonight search all the prisoners and take away what money they have."

It was startling information. Most of the money I had hidden in secret places remained in my possession, and its value to me was beyond description. If we succeeded in escaping it would bridge many dilemmas and, perhaps, be the chief factor in our final deliverance. Threatened with its loss, I wavered.

"What is to be done?" I asked blankly.

"Let me tell you," she replied. "You have meal, and are expecting to make

(Continued on Page 12.)

Misled in Milwaukee.

(Continued From Page 3.)

blue-eyed, male, and tall, he was fortunate enough to be able to view the patients themselves. But not one was the missing Xeno Zanthus Farrell.

It was late Thursday afternoon, on the night of which Seagrove was to return home from Omaha, that Clint returned to his room in the Wisconsin Strasse Deutscher Gasthof, depressed in spirit and pondering lugubriously over the results of his quest. He realized that nothing was left now but the private plants of West Allis, the manufacturing region to the west of Milwaukee. No longer did he think much about the red-sealed package in his breast pocket; the newer quest had forced the old mysterious incident into the background.

After finishing dinner that night in the dining-room of the hotel, he took up a position on one of the red benches out on the piazza and waited for eight-thirty to come. Seven o'clock came, bringing darkness and the blazing up of the arc lights along Wisconsin street; seven-thirty came, then eight, and finally eight-thirty. Whereupon he jammed his hat down on his head and boarded a Wells car in front of the hotel.

From having been there before, he knew this time where to get off; and shortly he was making his way firmly up to the door of number 221, on dark, shadowy 26th street. Again he rang the same bell, and again the door was answered by the same white-haired woman who had answered it the night Clint had first entered the city of Milwaukee.

"I'm very sorry," she said when she recognized him, "but Mr. Seagrove is still delayed in Omaha. I 'phoned down to his offices today, but Mr. Slinger informed me that new developments in the business will probably prevent Mr. Seagrove's return to the city till Saturday night, day after tomorrow. I'm very sorry. Is there anything I can do for you myself?"

Clint hesitated on the doorstep. He did not at all like the idea of leaving the packet. The girl with the wonderful dark eyes on the Milwaukee Flyer had cautioned him—almost entreated him—not to deliver the packet into the hands of any one but the one person whose name was on it. Of course, the girl was nothing to him; yet he had promised to fulfill her wishes in the matter, and—— Those dark eyes had been very compelling; indeed, they were not at all easy to forget. So he made up his mind in an instant, and, tipping his hat instead, told the woman he would return again Saturday evening.

He made his way down the steps and along the dark sidewalk, with its crude patches of macadam interpolated between the more up-to-date cement blocks. But near the corner of the block something in the nature of the unexpected happened.

From behind a giant elm tree trunk, which stood in front of a huge, vacant, weed-grown lot, a man of youthful build strode forward. As he turned his head slightly Clint saw with a gasp by the arc light further up the street that he was masked, and that his right hand carried a shiny revolver, which oscillated dangerously, even amateurishly, up and down.

"Shell out!" the masked figure croaked in an obviously disguised voice; "and in a big hurry. And begin first on your breast pocket!"

This mysterious story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bring health and entertainment and do every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

Had Him Guessing.

"Did you ever try to guess my age?" asked the woman who made up.

"Did I?" replied the man. "Why, say, you've got me guessing yet."

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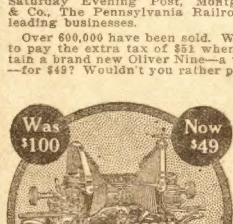

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Actor—"As a matter of fact, I could show you letters from ladies in—er—almost every place in which I have appeared."

Sport—"Landladies, I suppose?"

A Suspicious Editor.

Among the callers upon a certain grouchy art editor in San Francisco was a timid young man who diffidently laid a cover design before the great man.

After a moment the editor growled: "Have you shown this drawing to any one else?"

"No, sir," said the timid one.

"Then," demanded the editor, "what is it makes you stand so close to the door?"

COMPLICATIONS.

It's spring, ip jing!
New life's a-wing,
Us birds and bards
Has got ter sing!
The bugles call
Beyond the hill,
And mixed emotions begin to thrill.
With hearts on fire
With warlike ire,
We tune the patriotic lyre!
Then comes a gal
And says we shall
Find her and home our heart's desire.
And then the fish
Express a wish
To have us land
Em in the dish
Well, get your gun,
The dad blamed Hun
Won't let us have
Our peaceful fun.
First, him we'll pan,
And then we can
Come home to fish
And Mary Ann.

After the Funeral.

Bill—"What was the matter with your friend?"

Gill—"He looked into the barrel of a gun he thought wasn't loaded."

"I should think that would be the last thing he'd do."

"It was."

Face Was Familiar.

A young medical student came face to face with a dear, kind, fatherly-looking gentleman with white hair and highly respectable appearance.

They both stood transfixed. The same idea flashed across both of them:

"Your face is familiar—very familiar—but I can't remember where we have met so often."

However, the friendly impulse was carried out.

They shook hands warmly, partook of a friendly glass and departed, still ignorant of each other's name and occupation. But the young man was determined to solve the problem, and he seized on a waiter and said to him:

"Tell me, waiter, who is that distinguished stranger with the long white hair?"

And the waiter whispered slowly:

"Please, sir, that's Mr. Uncles the pawnbroker."

Mrs. von Speederly—"You are quite wrong! I do not wish a divorce so as to marry Jack Van Ness! Not at all!"

Husband—"You do not? Then the cuss has been borrowing from me under false pretenses!"

Poor at Excuses.

Johnny B——, who has seen eight summers go by, not very long ago developed a fondness for playing "hookey" from school. After two or three offenses of this kind he was taken to task by his teacher.

"Johnny," she said, "the next time you are absent I want you to bring me an excuse from your father telling me why you were not here."

"I don't want to bring an excuse from father," protested the boy.

"Why not?" asked the teacher, her suspicion plain.

"'Cause father isn't any good at making excuses. Mother finds him out every time."

A Shameless Chap.

Maj-Gen. Leonard Wood said in a preparedness argument at a dinner in New York:

"The man who opposes preparedness expects his brother to do his fighting for him. This man is as shameless as the chap who said:

"'Well, I'm going to get married next week.'

"'What will you live on—love?' asked a candid friend.

"'No,' was the reply. 'We'll live on love's father.'"

We Certainly Can.

"We never had such a war as they are having over in Europe," said the Northern man.

"Perhaps not," replied the Southerner; "but, just the same, we can beat 'em on colonels."

"BEN BOLT"—The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember that see-gar, Ben Bolt;
That see-gar you swiped from your dad?
You said 'twas a joke for a feller to smoke.
But gosh, Ben, that joke turned out bad!

When He First Saw Him.

Judge—"How far was the man from you when you first saw him?"

Chauffeur—"Ten rods."

Judge—"And you couldn't stop?"

Chauffeur—"I had stopped. He was ten rods behind."

NO SUPERIOR.

"Our Navy to be second,
Thus does a headline run—
When built it will be reckoned
Second, we trust, to none.

That Suited Him.

She (as hubby departs for club meeting)—"If you're home later than midnight I shan't speak to you."

He—"I hope you won't, dear."

Wife Will Furnish It.

He—"What my son needs is to get some will power, somehow."

Neighbor—"Oh, he'll marry."—Judge.

Always So It.

"Flubdub you married a beautiful wife."

"Yes, and she illustrates perfectly the words of the poet."

"What words?"

"'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

Verified.

Captain—"You say this man called you a hippopotamus four weeks ago? Why report it now?"

Sergeant—"Because I only seed a hippopotamus for the first time yesterday, sir!"

Took It With Him.

A man hurried to a quick lunch counter and called to the waiter: "Give me a ham sandwich."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "Will you eat it here or take it with you?"

"Both," said the man.

A Hopeless Case.

Friend—"I hear that you have given old Skinner up."

Physician—"Yes, I've turned the case over to a bill collector."

Modest Pa.

"Pa, was mother much of a flirt when she was young?"

"I guess not, my dear. Anyhow I'm the best she could land."

Knowledge.

Blinks—"What is your dearest wish?"

Jinks—"That I knew as much as my son thinks I do."—Judge.

All Due to the War.

Mrs. Newlywed was making her first trip to the big city market, intending to buy some strawberries for her husband's supper. The berries proved to be a greenish-white and scraggly.

"Why I—I thought strawberries were redder," she said to the obliging clerk, who, sizing up the situation at a glance, answered:

"They have been other years, but haven't you read of the scarcity of coloring owing to the war in Europe?"

And Mrs. Newlywed, remembering that she had, walked away with three boxes.—Puck.

Doubly Accomplished.

"An intellectual feat as well as one illustrating gymnastic prowess."

"How now?"

"The professor will cross the bridge on a tight rope at the same time balancing a set of books."

"Why are you putting that muzzle on your little brother?"

"I'm going to send him to the store to buy me a charlotte russe."

A Bitter Reply.

For six years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Robinsons, next door neighbors. The trouble had originated thru the depredations of Brown's cat and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant with a peace-making note for Mr. Robinson, which read:

"Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson, and begs to state that his old cat died this morning."

Robinson's reply was bitter:

"Mr. Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

A Quick Cure.

Two men were talking of the hard times.

"Does your wife ever grieve because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?" queried Hal.

"Well, she started to once," was the reply, "but I cured her of it without delay."

"I wish you would tell me how," said Hall.

"I started right in grieving with her," replied the other, "and I grieved harder and longer than she did."

The Unkind Friend.

Mrs. Brown—"The trousers which I have washed for Ike have shrunk so much that the poor child can hardly put them on."

Her Friend—"Try washing Ike, and he might shrink, too."

His Opinion.

The French think the English people somewhat slow and serious. It is all a matter of comparison. A dour, taciturn Scot—a house painter, by the bye—had been to England and returned to his native town. The lady of the house where he was working tried to get him to talk.

"You have been to England, they tell me, Alec."

"Aye."

"Were you there long?"

"Fower year."

"Well, what do you think of the English?"

"Gas bags"—solemnly, without the twitch of a muscle. The "conversation" ended there.

A Brother's Privilege.

"No," said she, "I can only be a sister to you."

"Very well," said he, "I must be going. I had expected a different answer from you, but—well, good night!"

"George," she faltered as he started out into the night, "George!"

"What is it?" he asked, very crossly.

"Aren't you going to kiss your sister good night?"

He did not go then.

The Difference.

Mrs. Gay—"I have a knocker on the outside of my door."

Mrs. Grouch—"I'll bet it's nothing to compare with the knocker I've got on the inside of mine."

Jones—"What a Jonah that fellow Smith is! After owing me $5 for two years he came up to me on the street and paid me right while I was talking to Brown, whom I had owed $5 for three years!"

His Job.

"Are you the head of the house?"

"I certainly am."

"Then I have called to see you about this account; it is long overdue."

"You'll have to see my husband about that. I merely handle the cash; he puts off the creditors."

Tommy (who has been blown into a shell hole): "Hurry up, mate. I don't want to lose my prisoner!"

Rescuer: "Prisoner! Why, where is 'e?"

Tommy: "I'm standing on 'im!"

Mildred—"Don't you think it's horrid to lead a useless life?"

Beatrice—"I've stopped it. I'm making sweaters for the soldiers at the front. Why don't you?"

"I'm going to. But I can't make up my mind what color silk to use."

A Small Boy's Tribute.

John Edward and his mother had been invited out to dinner. The hostess was fortunate in having a great many things that little folks like—chicken, pie, and so on. The meal was progressing merrily. Conversation had lagged for a minute and John Edward expressed his satisfaction thus:

"Well, mother, we're fortunate in one thing. All the folks we know are good cooks."

HOLDING ON.

The bulldog takes a fearful grip,
Which he refuses to let slip;
But for tenacity you'll find
The groundhog leaves him far behind.

Two of a Kind.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift.

"Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall return by and by."

"I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I shall arise and go to my father."

Gets It, Tho.

Yeast—"Did your wife read the riot act to you last night?"

Crimsonbeak—"Oh, no."

"How is that?"

"You see, she don't have to read it any more; she knows it by heart and can recite it."

More Work for the Latchkey.

Yeast—"I see that 59,000 combinations are possible with a new combination padlock."

Crimsonbeak—"Wives seem to be putting every obstacle in the way of husbands sitting up with sick friends at night."

His Element.

"Sim Flubdub says he doesn't like sitting on a jury. He gets tired."

"I never knew him to do any work."

"He'd like jury duty better if they provided him with a fence rail to sit on and a stick to whittle."

And She Would.

Mr. Flatbush—"When a man asks you to have his seat in a car, do you thank him?"

Mrs. Flatbush—"No, I don't."

"Why not?"

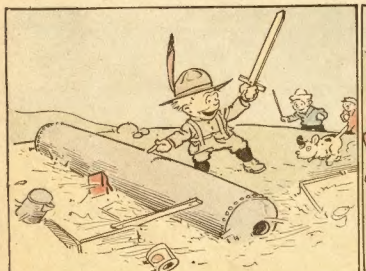
"Because he would be sure to say I had the last word."

Waning Enthusiasm.

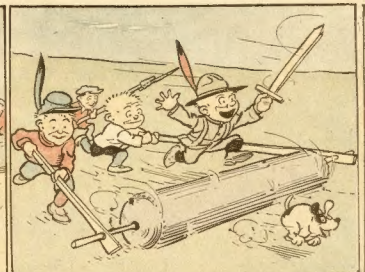
"Does your wife want to vote?"

"I have my doubts. We live in a State where women vote. The last time I reminded her that she was expected to cast a ballot she looked over her engagement book and exclaimed: 'What a bore!'"

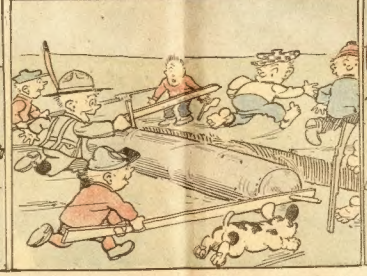
IN THE WAR GAME



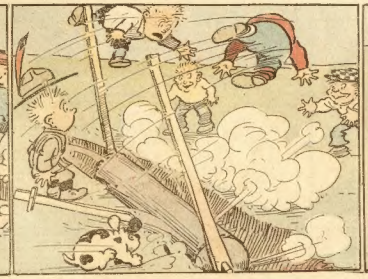
Winnie Hunks—"Hey fellers, here's just what we need, a genuine tank! The British lick the Germans with tanks, and we can lick that tough bunch from across the creek with this!



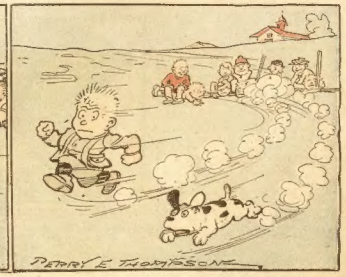
"Hurray! Give 'em fits! Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes! Atta boys! Atta boys!



"Halt, surrender! We gottem licked and on the run! Look out, here's their trench! Push on the tank!



(Kerflump! Zwang! Bam!) "Good night, there goes the tank inter the trench and half my men in the air! I see my Waterloo!



"My army is taken prisoner and it's me for the tall timber! I'm cured, no more tanks of any kind for me!"

Comrades of the Sword.

(Continued From Page 9.)

cakes of it when you halt at noon, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Bake your gold in the cakes, and take it out after the search."

She dared not stay longer, but went with the trouble solved. That noon we baked cakes, and when, at nightfall, the search was made Salezar found only a few small coins. Yet, when we slept, that night, the cakes were in our stomachs and the gold in our clothes.

The next day came an experience less to our liking. We met travelers in the hills, men whom Salezar knew. They had just come from El Paso, and as the captain was to turn over the convoy of the prisoners to some other officer when there, he asked various questions about the place. Meanwhile, a casual remark of the travelers gave news of great import to Dolores and myself.

"Winter approaches, and many of the rich men of El Paso have gone to the City of Mexico for the cold term, among them being Captain Sebastian de Ulloa, Don Basilio San Martin and Don Gualterio Gallegos."

I looked at Dolores. She had grown very white under her facial stain. Don Basilio was the influential resident of El Paso she had relied upon to help her and myself, and, now, his departure eliminated him from the situation. She spoke with me as soon as she dared

"Edward, I pray you do not be cast down," she urged. "There must be somebody in El Paso who will listen to reason and heed my prayers—there must, I say. We shall find help."

It was bravely spoken, but I knew she had temporarily lost courage. She could plead, but who would listen? Yes, and who would aid us?

The receding traveler little knew what misery he had caused. We plodded along without a visible way of hope, foot-sore, weary, frost-bitten and miserable, and our captors jogged comfortably by our side on horses and mules, while the soldiers sounded the taunting cry learned from Manuel:

"After El Paso, the agony!"

Between Albuquerque and Valencia trouble came to somebody else. Isaiah Shanton had been in our sight day after day, tho he shunned us persistently. We looked at him the oftener because we saw all was not well with him. His usefulness to the Mexicans was gone, and it was Salezar's wayward notion to jeer at him, snub him, nag and bully him, so the traitor fell so low as to be a like target for the common soldiers. Probably contempt did not explain the situation in full, but, rather, it was a pastime to hector him. Then worse calamity came to him.

On a rough ridge Shanton's horse, frightened at something, stampeded. The [illegible] from the saddle, but one foot hung in the stirrup and he was dragged over jagged rocks. When taken up he was bruised and insensible, and was tossed into a wagon without receiving further attention, the soldiers jesting loudly as his wounded body disappeared for the time. Subsequently, Salezar condescended to have his hurts dressed, but word went forth that Shanton was in dangerous plight.

Another man was under the Captain's special resentment, and it was myself. Before I compelled myself to curb my temper I had been the most outspoken of the prisoners, and that, and possibly the transient prominence I acquired by my swordplay, led him to hate me. After the march began I suspected he was watching for some slight infraction of his rules to punish me, but I was wary, and he finally let his spite loose without excuse.

Camp had been made at Valencia when he came close to me abruptly and pointed to a horse that stood at one side, stamping its feet lightly.

"We have too many lazy-bones here!" blustered the warrior. "Here, you would-be gentleman, take a brush and clean that beast thoroly!"

He thought he had me there, believing he could humiliate me by making me do the work of a hostler. He never made a bigger mistake. The horse I was ordered to clean was my own Pluto, and I would have given a good-sized sum merely to lay my hand on his glossy coat. My chance had come.

Hiding my satisfaction, I set about obeying very slowly.

"Hasten, you cowyard nobleman!" Salezar added sharply. "You've got to earn your food after this. Get along, carver with the sword!"

I took the brush from a Mexican and went to Pluto. My beloved animal knew me at once and, thrusting his nose into my hand, nibbled there to tell of his horse-love. Giving him a secret pat I went about my task.

Salezar was angry. I did not appear to feel myself humiliated, and it was he who suffered vexation. He reddened perceptibly

"Come, wake up there!" he shouted. No idling! Be as lively as you were when amusing people in San Miguel. Work—you American dog!"

It was an evil word, and time was when, prisoner or not, I would have crammed it down his throat, but I remembered that Dolores was with the expedition and answered as steadily as the rocks around us

"Yes, senor."

It was a triumph over my temper, but I have not the least doubt that it made my tormentor the more angry. Scowling, he ordered a soldier to see that I did no idling, and then moved away.

I cleaned Pluto. Assuredly, I did justice to my task. I brushed his glorious coat, giving him telling but gentle touches, and I mixed them in with sundry pats and "clucks" after a style peculiarly my own. He and I made friends again as freely as was prudent with the soldier watching us, tho I suspected that, in any case, the fellow would try to make trouble for me.

I was right. The man knew what was expected of him, and when his master, zealously taking time from his official duties, came again the watcher was ready with a fluent report.

"The Americano idled all the time."

"Carajo!" snarled the captain, "this is too much. Prisoner, you abuse my mild discipline. As a punishment you shall clean that horse—that same horse, mind you, for the looks of his coat, day by day, will tell whether you do your work properly—you shall clean him twice a day as long as I command the convoy. The horse-brush is mightier than the meat-carver, and a dandy should grow vain. Enough! Don't dare to answer. You will obey!"

With this he stalked off in a temper. I aspired to make no reply. It surprised me that none of the Mexicans knew Pluto was the horse I was riding when captured, but that was one of the few falls of luck in my favor.

Two things came of this in one sense absurd affair. First, Salezar, having failed to annoy me visibly, hated me all the more, and, next, I had Pluto under my hands twice a day. Upon the latter fact I built certain vague hopes and plans. Some plans bear fruit.

The following morning McAllister, a Texan who suffered from a sprained ankle, was so lame that he could not proceed on foot, whereupon he was murderously shot to death. I mention such cases with reluctance, preferring to leave them to history, but this killing so colored my own future that it must be referred to thus briefly.

We passed Parrida, crossed the Rio Grande and reached Socorro, and all the while our chief enemy watched me darkly. At Socorro, when all was quiet, Shea came to me and opened conversation abruptly.

"What," he asked, "do you know of the country beyond our line of march?"

"Not a thing," I returned. "Why do you ask?"

"Me boy, I'll be frank with you. You know how McAllister died, and how much else it tells. Now, I will put it without circumlocution, it's meself is mightily afraid you are a married man!"

I looked hard at my good friend and took a few pulls at my pipe before answering.

"You think," I finally responded, "that Salezar intends to shoot me as he shot McAllister?"

"I'm afeerd it will come to that. McAllister was lame, poor body, and you are one of our strongest men, but what that black demon sees fit to do he can carry off without fear of retribution."

"True! You asked if I knew the country. Do you advise me to try to escape?"

"There's much for you to think about, and I'm wondering how you could take a certain young lady, but life is worth gambling for, me boy. While here, you are a marked man. Salezar has doomed you."

Dolores! Shea had touched the mainspring of my life when he referred to her. What was I to do? What could I do that was best for her?

'And," my stout comrade added, "if the likes of you wants to make a bolt for freedom, I'm with you!'

We talked it over long and fully. If, in the manner of the rule of the Mexicans, an escape was successfully made, the country beyond was sparsely settled, and the few people were Mexicans. And where there were no settlers, a fugitive must encounter deserts and desolate mountains for hundreds of miles, a region where early winter now lay over all, bleak, cold and merciless. To be lost in this man-forsaken tract was to die of exposure and starvation.

Shea and I left the matter undecided for then, but after he walked away I continued to meditate and decided that my situation could not be worse. This showed the weakness of human understanding, for, a few minutes later, Dolores came to me secretly, and I at once knew by her expression that she bore evil tidings. She opened the subject directly, speaking with feverish haste.

"Don Hugo has recognized me!" she exclaimed.

Something more than the cold of Socorro took hold of my heart at this news, tho I tried to face her with outward composure.

"What will he do about it?" I asked.

"I don't know. He began very abruptly. 'Senorita Dolores,' he said, 'this is a harsh journey for you!' I nearly fell helpless. I tried to say something, and I know I spoke, but what I said was vague. Then, rallying, I eagerly besought him not to betray my identity."

"And then?—and then?" I questioned quickly.

"He only replied, 'I suppose you go but to El Paso?' I told him he was right, and again implored him to keep my secret. His brief response was that he 'would see.' I feel that he knows why I am here, for he glanced at you. Edward, he knows that I am taking this dreadful journey to be near his rival! I am sure he does."

She choked and was silent.

"He should give you a direct promise."

"Ah! but he will not. I begged for it in vain."

"I'll see him and compel him to act the man. If he refuses I will wrest his sword from him and sheathe it in his body——"

"Wait, wait! He has not yet refused. Dear love, do nothing rash. Let me plead with him again. No, no, do not oppose me! Don Hugo is not Salezar, and he must have a heart under his cold exterior. He must, he shall remember that I can demand the rights due to womanhood. Please, please be prudent, for all will yet end well."

Just then a soldier passed, and he scowled at us and spoke tauntingly.

"After El Paso, the agony!"

This remarkable story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

WHEN JUNE IS HERE.

When June is here the burgeoned trees
Sift thru the air in feather flight,
Yield tribute to each passing breeze;
The ghostly dandelions white.
The lilt of birds, the drone of bees,
And all the jocund minstrelsies
Of nature swell for our delight,
When June is here.

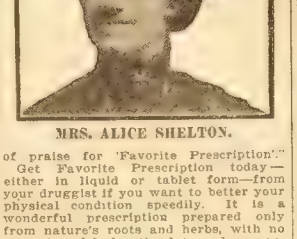
We reck but little, at our ease,
Of either leaven or the lees
Of life; but with a heart as light
As buoyant swallows in their flight,
We cast aside care's panoplies,
When June is here.

Important Letters From Women in Illinois

Mrs. Wm. Blackburn, who lives at 425 North 14th St., Murphysboro, Ill., says: 'When I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicines I was just a nervous wreck, I could hardly be on my feet. While not able to work, I tried to keep up. I was recommended to use 'Favorite Prescription' and I took three bottles. I began to get better and when the treatment was finished I was much stronger and better able to work. The medicine was fine; easy to take and fully satisfactory."

Mrs. Alice Shelton, of 824 N. 8th St., Quincy, Ill., also says: "Last year I was troubled with dizzy spells brought on by woman's weakness. I stated my case to my druggist and he advised me to try Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I bought one bottle but that was all I found it necessary to take. It not only cured me of the dizziness but also strengthened me in every way. I think it a splendid medicine and am glad that the druggist recommended it to me."

Mrs. Wm. Strickland, residing at 110 South Center St., Joliet, Ill., states: "When I was in need of a woman's tonic, the druggist recommended Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took it steadily. I gained in weight and strength and my health was so much improved that I have not needed any medicine of the kind since. I am glad to speak words



MRS. ALICE SHELTON.

of praise for 'Favorite Prescription.'"

Get Favorite Prescription today—either in liquid or tablet form—from your druggist if you want to better your physical condition speedily. It is a wonderful prescription prepared only from nature's roots and herbs, with no alcohol to falsely stimulate and no narcotic to wreck the nerves. Ingredients on wrapper.

—Advertisement.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known—we will send absolutely free this 14k gold 7-ring, set with a 1 Ct. Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. If this is satisfactory pay your mail man 98c, plus postage boxing, advertising, handling, etc., on arrival. If not satisfactory return ring in 5 days, money refunded. Only 1 ring to a customer. Send finger size. Address Dept. 240.

KRAUTH & REED, DEPT. 240, MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

AUTOMOBILE FREE!

To Students Who Qualify

We want honest young men in every county to learn at home to repair, drive and show others; to represent us and sell Coey Cars and Trucks. Surprise your friends in a 1916 MODEL—Write for full particulars—NOW

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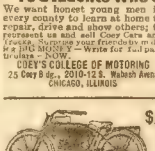


$40 Motorcycle

We have the largest line of new and used motorcycles in the country at the lowest prices. Every machine guaranteed. Send for catalog. We are the largest and only exclusive motorcycle supply house in the world. Repairs a specialty. Send us your machine to be overhauled. Motors and castings for airships and railway velocipedes. We exchange motorcycles.

Harry R. Geer Co., 900 McLaran Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

At a small cost by using our Attachable outfit, FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bar gain list and free book describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, $25 and up.

FREE BOOK

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 5 Galesburg, Kansas.

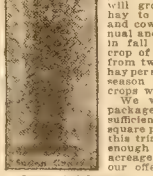
TRY THE NEW GRAINS

Feterita and Sudan Grass, at our expense, with a Flower Garden thrown in for good measure. See offer below.

FETERITA, the new cereal. This new grain is proving itself to be of wonderful value in all parts of the country. One single seed will make a plant having from five to ten stalks and each will carry a head of seed, the larger ones weighing about a pound each. These heads of grain are gathered and stored and have a variety of valuable uses. Crush the grains or cook them whole the same as wheat and you have a most delightful breakfast cereal. Take the grain to a mill and have it ground into flour and it makes an excellent substitute for wheat flour. Probably of all of its uses Feterita has attracted more attention as a chicken food, as the grains are just the right size and it has the chemical elements to make a perfectly balanced ration. A small patch will grow enough seed for a big flock of chickens and the stalks will make excellent fodder for the cow or horse.

We want to send you a package of seed large enough to plant a 2 rod square patch of ground. This will give you a chance to try it as a breakfast cereal, have some ground for flour and see how your chickens thrive on the balance. You will be sure to want to plant more of it another year. See our offer below.

SUDAN GRASS. This wonderful new hay crop is succeeding in all parts of the country. It grows from seven to nine feet tall and stools out very thickly, a single seed making a plant that will throw up from thirty to sixty stems. Sudan Grass does not lodge and go down after rain and wind storms as do millet and other grains. Horses, cattle and other stock like it and thrive on it in all stages, green or cured. A small patch will grow enough extra fine hay to provide for a horse and cow. The plant is an annual and dies root and branch in fall or after maturing a crop of seed. Usually makes from two to three cuttings of hay per season. Succeeds in dry season where most of other crops would be burned out.



We want to send you a package of Sudan Grass seed sufficient to plant a 2 rod square patch of ground. From this trial patch you can raise enough seed to plant a large acreage another year. See our offer below.

OUR FLOWER GARDEN. In this special bed we have over 150 different varieties of choicest annuals that will commence to bloom early in season and continue until stopped by frosts in fall. The flower bed will be a constant source of pleasure and delight as the different varieties come into bloom.

We want to send you a large package of seed, enough to plant a bed a rod long

THE FARMING BUSINESS,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I inclose 50 cents, for which send me The Farming Business for one year, and as a gift, a Package of Feterita Seed, a Package of Sudan Grass Seed, and a Package of Choice Flower Garden Seed.

Name .....

Street, R. F. D. .....

City ..... State .....

A THOUSAND YEARS TO COME.

The June comes round as fair, my love,
As Junes we used to know;
So like unto
What lovers knew
A thousand years ago.

A thousand years from now, my love,
Will Junes come round as fair,
And bird-notes thrill
The woodland still,
And lovers, too, be there

EARNING MONEY.

"I never before realized how rich I am," declared the little stenographer "Last Wednesday evening I discovered, to my amazement, that Croesus and I are in the same class.

"Tell me about it," said the bookkeeper. "The firm profits so greatly by our invaluable services that we are entitled to relax a little in business hours."

"It was the Ladies' Aid Society," explained the little stenographer. "About a month ago the president requested each one of us to bring five dollars to be earned by our individual efforts. The money was to be provided in one month from that day. It was for a special purpose and we all promised that we'd do as requested.

"There aren't many other girls in that society. They're mostly married women. So they talked and talked and wondered how on earth they could earn five dollars apiece. They went on that way for two hours after the meeting was over. You see, they weren't supposed to bring any money that was given them—so they couldn't ask their husbands to help them.

"Well, last Wednesday evening the month was up. Of course, I just took a five-dollar bill that I'd saved from my last check, so it was perfectly safe. If I hadn't earned it myself I wouldn't have been able to bring it!

"We got there rather early—every one was anxious to see if every one else had brought five dollars. And oh, they looked so worn out and tired and some of them even looked cross.

"When the meeting began we all began to tell how the money was earned—and that's what gives me my wealthy sensations!

"You know Mrs. Ward. Her husband owns nearly half the city, I believe, and she has all sorts of motor cars and wears orchids all winter! Well, she brought only $4.30! She was almost in tears about it and she offered to give the other seventy cents, if they'd let her, out of her husband's money. Everybody was anxious to hear why she failed to earn the full amount. What do you suppose she'd done? Pressed her husband's trousers!

"She said she had started right in—for she could charge only ten cents a pair—and she knew there were only thirty days in a month! So she hunted up all the trousers her husband owned and pressed them the first day. Then each day she pressed the pair he had worn the day before—and then she tried to persuade him to change his trousers at noon sometimes so she could press two pairs a day, but he refused. She was counting up the days, and at the rate she was doing she couldn't possibly get the five dollars before the month was up! She made him pay her each day. Finally, near the end, in despair, she took all the pairs of trousers out of the closet again and, finding, she said, that they were a little wrinkled from hanging so long, she pressed them once more. It was that performance that ended her earning power! Her husband said that a tailor was cheaper and did the work better.

"Mrs. Cullen—you know, she gives presents worth hundreds of dollars to the church every little while. She fairly keeps it running at times. Well, she sold magazine subscriptions! She said that she found all her friends already were subscribers for all the magazines she had for sale. Finally she had to canvass the streets, and yet in order to make up the five dollars she was compelled to sell three subscriptions to herself and then give away the magazines! We couldn't decide whether that was fair or not.

"Mrs. Briggs painted place cards! She said she spent most of the month in wondering what to do, and just a few days before last Wednesday she learned that a special friend of hers was giving a luncheon. So she told the friend that she'd paint place cards at twenty-five cents each! In ignorance, her friend took her offer—and she brought one of the cards to show. She had to laugh at it herself, for she'd never painted a thing in her life before and she thought those simple little things would be awfully easy! There was a little red hill—she had just three color paints and didn't know what to mix for other colors—and on the red hill was a yellow house with blue trimmings. Those were the three colors—and all the embellishments were of the same colors. They were really unique!

"Mrs. Bradway is a dear little old woman who just drives around and looks sweet and dainty and goes to church. She made a contract with her son to weed his whole lawn for five dollars!

"Actually, when it got to me to tell how I earned my five dollars I really felt ashamed that I'd done it so easily—it didn't seem right! So Miss Brown, who is studying music and has a time making ends meet, and I went into a corner and hid while we listened. For she had earned her money easily, too—just took the five dollars paid her for one Sunday's singing in the choir.

"I wonder if all rich people feel sort of mean and incapable when they see other people working!"

The Offer.

Colonel Ritson was for years a celebrity or "notoriety" in Arkansas, especially in the little town in which he condescended to reside. Hence when he had been away from home a few weeks and word came that he had been accidentally shot and killed, the Arkansas Ananias came out with a column notice of the sad event.

A week or so later the Colonel arrived in person and denied the story of his death with great indignation.

"Sorry, very sorry, indeed," said the editor.

The Colonel hardly knew which way the editor was sorry, but he glowered and went on: "You must emphatically contradict it in your next issue."

"Oh, no! Nothin' doin'," said the editor.

"But it is your fault," roared the Colonel.

"That may be so, but we never admit a mistake—not in print."

"But hang it, man, some of my friends believe me dead."

"Can't help that," said the editor, calmly. "But see here, Colonel, we'll put your name at the head of the 'Births' column."

When a neighbor's hog is in your garden, that is the root of evil.

TWO KINDS.

Will some kind person tell us why
When June comes rolling gayly in
We fix a glad, expectant eye
Amid the music and the din
Upon the girls who primly sit
There on the stage in chastened joy
And why we notice not a bit
The graduate who is a boy?

Who gives to him a cheering smile
From out the glad, admiring throng?
Who notes his manner, air or style
Or how he moves his part along?
Who says he knows that somewhere fame
Awaits him and, without alloy,
The bliss of him who wins the game—
This graduate who is a boy?

The lucky one who's gowned in white
Is strictly in the social swim;
Commencement day is her delight.
For her the hours with gladness brim.
But one beside her in the ring,
Whose shrinking soul these things annoy,
Is there who hates the whole blamed thing—
The graduate who is a boy!

A Cold Day.

Out in the cold and dreary street, where the icy wind whipped the puddles into little whirlpools, two men were talking together.

It was Saturday forenoon and they were undecided as to how they should amuse themselves in the afternoon.

One of them was heard to say:

"Coom on, Jack. T' finest match o' t' season is on today. Coom along with me."

The other shook his head, and a contemptuous smile curled his lip.

"Nay," he replied. "Does ta think Ah've no more sense than to go an' watch a football match on a cowd da like this? No' me! Ah'm goin' fishin'."

Free To Every Rheumatic Sufferer

I Want You to Try My Treatment for the Relief of Those Terrible External Pains, Soreness and Lameness.

A Pair Free by Sending Address

FREDERICK DYER

Send me your name and address and I will mail to you at once a $1.00 pair of Dyer Foot Drafts. I want you to know what they will do for you. Thousands have already tested these modern wonders and I have the most remarkable testimonials you ever read. One tells of suffering 30 years with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Another, 78 years of age, couldn't lift right arm, one knee swollen so she had to use a cane to walk. Thousands like this.

I want no money. I simply want to prove to you that Dyer Foot Drafts, a marvelous counter irritant acting upon a different and wonderful principle from anything you ever used will give you more comfort, more benefit, more relief, more freedom from pain, soreness and lameness of rheumatism than anything else known except opiates, and this is a drug no one should have anything to do with. Now, remember, I send you a $1.00 pair of Foot Drafts absolutely free, no money for them now or at any other time. If they do as much for you as for the thousands of others, simply thank me. If you wish to get more of them, you can, but the first pair is positively free to you, and all you need do is fill out coupon below and mail it to Frederick Dyer, 114 Dyer Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Mail coupon at once. This one free pair will do you more good than all the medicine you ever bought.

Free Foot Draft Coupon
FREDERICK DYER
114 Dyer Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

Send me FREE a $1.00 pair of Dyer's Foot Drafts. I will use them to learn if they will do as much for me as you say they have for the thousands of others who have tried them. This pair is FREE to me, for which I am not under any obligation.

Name.....
Street .....
City.. .. State ... .

FREE LARGE 4X6 ft. AMERICAN FLAG
JULY THE 4th You Will Want
A Flag For Your Home

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to get a great big one —SIZE 4 x 6 FEET—with sewed stripes that will not fade—absolutely FREE. (At present prices this Flag would cost you $5.00.) Simply do this: Send us only $4.00 for eight regular 50c. size bottles of Ideal Polish (best for all furniture, floors, carriages, autos, etc.) and we will send Flag FREE.

You can easily sell the wonderful Ideal Polish to your friends and neighbors and keep the Flag for yourself as a reward. Send right away. You take no chances. If you are not entirely satisfied with the Flag or the Polish—simply return everything and we will send back the money. Don't hesitate! The "4th" will soon be here.

O. H. COOK CO., 136 Locust St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

To Members of Clubs, Lodges and Church Societies: Here is your opportunity to get a REAL Flag for your building.

American This Made Hunting Watch, $3.33

To advertise our special watches we send this handsome, double hunting, beautifully engraved, electro gold-plated case in two sizes for men or boys, fitted with Perfection movement, at this price, fitted with Columbia movement, for ladies. Both movements American made, lever escapement, handsomely nickeled, open face, stem wind, stem set; reliable timekeepers and fully warranted 5 years.

$3.33

C. O. D.

Send your name and address, state if you wish gent's or lady's size and we will send watch C. O. D., parcel post. Pay postman $3.33 and postage, and watch is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed or Watch may be returned after 10 days trial and your money refunded if not satisfactory. Order at once. Address
BOSTON JEWELRY CO., 810, 39 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

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DR. KINSMAN'S ASTHMA REMEDY 50¢
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Manufacturers want Green Patents. Send for 6 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge.
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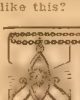

ALL SEVEN PREMIUMS FREE
Gold plated Lavalliere (set with Im. Diamond) and Neck Chain, pair Pierceless Ear Bobs (set with Im. Diamonds), Bracelet (set with 8 Im. Diamonds), 3 Gold plated Rings and Solid Sterling Silver Ring, set with imported Carbuncle Stone. We give All Seven Premiums Absolutely Free to anyone who sells only 12 Jewelry Novelties at 15 cents each. We trust you and take back all not sold.
Write for this liberal offer.
N. J. Dale Mfg. Co
Providence, R. I.

196,990 LONE SCOUTS

Lone Scout Indian

In 86 Weeks 196,990 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

SECOND DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

THIRD DEGREE BADGE (Silver)

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 25, 1915.

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, including any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instructions. The Lone Scout motto is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole Lodge. A member in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

CUT OUT HERE

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP H

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date.....1917

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name ..... Age.....
Town..... State .....
St. No., P. O., or R. F. D. .....

The Red Book.

"Books," remarked the casual observer, "are responsible for over half the proposals made in this country. They fairly reek with romance, sweet sentiment and the tender passion. When a fellow finishes reading the latest novel he wants to pop the question to the first girl he meets."

"You may be right about it," said the old-timer, "but it isn't always the latest, $1.35 net, with six illustrations in color by Daubit Upalot, that does the business. I've seen men fall in love with a bank-book and a cookbook. And once, if I remember well, it was a notebook.

"Carphen thought he was immune from the tender passion, but he had one failing. He liked to talk about it. Often he would talk to his stenographer. Whenever he got the chance he told her he was better off single. He said that if he had a wife she would be coming into the office or calling him up, and taking his valuable time.

"Miss Brightly never argued with him. She carefully listened and never commented beyond an occasional 'Is that possible?' or 'Really?' In spite of her attitude she seemed interested. Soon Carphen observed that every time he talked to her on the subject of how much time a wife would waste she made an entry in a little red notebook.

"Carphen had read a great deal, but I'll venture he was never more interested in any volume than he was in that little red book. He couldn't get a look at it, so he contented himself with the thought that she was writing down some of his choicest sayings. Finally he asked outright to see the red notebook.

"Miss Brightly assured him that he couldn't. Carphen became extremely interested at that, and soon their acquaintanceship developed into courtship on his part. She listened calmly to his new style of speech.

"Finally, one day Carphen proposed. Miss Brightly said she wanted to show him something first. Then she gave him the little red book.

"Carphen smiled and took it with becoming modesty, expecting to find a record of all the smart things he had ever said. Instead, he discovered a list of dates, following by notations like this: Jan. 8, 1 hour, 20 minutes; Jan. 9, 1 hour, 5 minutes; Jan. 10, 40 minutes.

"'What is it?' Carphen asked, rather anxiously.

"'That is a record of the time you have wasted telling me how much time a woman wastes,' said Miss Brightly. 'Do you think you can afford to get married?'

"'Try me and I'll be mum as a clam,' said Carphen, and she did."

* * *

A newly married woman becomes reconciled to her husband's untidy habits by the time that they make her indispensable to him.

He Waited.

The telegraph messenger at Ashland, Ky., Gerald Tharp, says the Western Union News, is familiar with the principle embodied in Elbert Hubbard's story, "A Message to Garcia," altho this will probably be his first intimation that such a story was ever written.

A local confectioner called for a messenger to go out to a farmhouse for two dozen eggs. Gerald was detailed for the errand, which ordinarily would consume thirty minutes. At the end of three hours he returned with the eggs, and was promptly called on the carpet by the manager to explain his long absence from the office. In a round Irish brogue Gerald explained that the farmer had only twenty-three eggs, and he had waited two and one-half hours for a Plymouth Rock hen to lay the other egg.

* * *

Even a tadpole can boast of his social position, for he is in the swim.

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of employers we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. B-37, National Salesmen's Training Ass'n, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT AS my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2500 a year profit and an automobile Free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit to use in getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., 12 Card St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS! BIG MONEY DEMONSTRATING P. P. P. Automobile owners eager buyers. Marvelous! Punctures, cuts, blow-outs in tires, tubes permanently repaired in 5 minutes without tools, heat or acids. Self-fusing, self-vulcanizing. 1000% profit. Big repeater. Hilderbrand sells 100 outfits weekly. Sample repair furnished. Act quick. Columbia Chemical Co., Dept. 1116, Washington, D. C.

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Chicago Ledger

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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Be good and you will not miss much.

If you think you can't it's a cinch you won't.

You can't keep busy by running around in circles.

When the devil finds a busy man he goes away on tiptoe.

It is easier to love an enemy after you get the better of him

You miss getting many good things by failing to ask for them

A man may be heart and soul in the war and yet be bodily absent.

Some people are so uninteresting that they bore themselves to death.

If you value your friends make yourself worthy of their friendship.

If you have plenty of dust it is not difficult to blind the public eye.

Every shadow points to the sun, and sorrow helps us to appreciate happiness.

Rumor is gossip's strong fort and truth is the 42-centimeter gun that reduces it.

Getting acquainted with a pretty girl is like running to a fire—you go with the crowd.

Don't undertake to lay out a bigger man than yourself unless you are an undertaker.

LEARN THESE

Words Which Have Become Common Usage as Result of the War.

HERE are some of the words which have been brought into daily use as a result of the war, and their definitions:

Terrain—The ground, or earth.

Corps—The largest tactical unit of a large army, and consists of two or more divisions.

Division—Part of an army, and consists of 12,000 or more men, usually about 23,000 in the United States Army.

Squad—Seven private soldiers and a corporal, a non-commissioned officer.

Squadron—Two or more war vessels which form a subdivision of a fleet; in cavalry a company of sixty men or more.

Barrage Fire—Drum fire, or a continuous volley aimed to fall in a certain line to cut off one part of a battlefield from another.

Enfilading Fire—Raking volleys, which are fired lengthwise of an army or trenches

Sniper—A sharpshooter

Sapper—Soldier employed in digging trenches or underground passages

Salient—An angle extending outward from a fortification, or a sharp elbow in a battleline.

Sector—A region, or a long bend in a battleline.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

The Eton college boys' collar is used for a finish to many one-piece dresses.

Fruit embroidered in natural colors is the feature of a navy blue taffeta frock.

Frills are noticeable on cotton blouses and also on the sleeves of strictly tailored coat suits

The jumper dinner robe is the latest—made with a crepe underdress and sleeveless jumper over it.

A lingerie frock is being made patriotic by having a shield and wreath design embroidered in national colors.

The overalls are gaining in popularity every day, and as they are easy to make, and do not require a lot of finishing, any woman can make a pair for herself, with the aid of a pattern.

The new tucked waists have taken the world of fashion by storm, and one sees them made up in all sorts of filmy materials, such as voile, chiffon, crepe de chine, Georgette crepe, batiste and so on.

Organdie is a material much used for blouses. This fabric is seen in white and in pale shades of pink, blue, lavender and yellow. One model of white organdie has the fashionable collarless neck, the top being finished off with petal-like tabs of double material. Each one is bound with yellow. The same sort of finish is used on the short sleeves and around the bottom of the peplum.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When fruit leaves a stain on the teeth it should be removed at once by rubbing on a little salt

When you use enamel articles for the first time grease them and they are not so likely to chip.

A tiny amount of lemon juice added to cream while whipping will help it to "fluff" more rapidly.

Brush and wipe black silk thoroly, lay it on a flat table with the side up which is intended to show and sponge with hot coffee, strained thru muslin. Allow it to become partially dry, then iron.

When you have extra dressing or wish to bake extra for a chicken or turkey, buy a dry loaf of bread from the baker, cut off one thick slice and scoop out the inside, leaving only the crust; then fill the space with dressing and pin on the end slice and bake. It is as delicious and moist as when baked in a turkey

All housekeepers have at times had the experience of having boiled frosting run off the cake. It is pretty hard to judge just when to remove the sirup from the fire. Use one cup of sugar, one-half cup of water and boil till it spins a thread. Pour slowly over the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, beating with a spoon all the time while pouring. After beating thoroly put into the double boiler and cook for two or three minutes. Flavor and it is ready to use.

RECIPES.

TOMATO CHEESE TOAST—Leftover slices of tomatoes may be utilized by placing one slice each on nicely browned and buttered toast circles. Season well with salt, pepper and dots of butter. Cover with grated cheese and heat in oven until cheese is melted.

FISH LEFTOVERS—Make one cupful tomato sauce by cooking one teaspoonful of minced onion in one teaspoonful of butter until yellow. Add level tablespoonful flour, and, when well mixed, stir in cupful of hot stewed tomatoes. Season to taste. Now take one part each of cold boiled fish and macaroni, or cooked rice, and one-fourth cupful of cheese cut into small bits, one cold boiled egg. Strain tomato sauce over all. Mix, put into buttered baking dish, put one-fourth cupful cracker or breadcrumbs over top. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of milk and moisten top with same. Bake till brown.

ORANGE CAKE—The weight of two eggs in butter, sugar and flour; part of the juice and all of the rind of one orange and a little baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar together about five minutes, add the orange peel and one egg and part of the flour. Use part of the juice for the cake and the rest for the icing. Stir in the juice and baking powder, add the rest of the ingredients, grease and sugar the tin, fill it two-thirds and bake half an hour. Icing, one tablespoonful of water to one-quarter pound of best icing sugar and orange juice. Stand this in a cup of warm water and when liquid pour over the cake.

HEALTH NOTES.

Outdoor exercise encourages deep breathing, which cleanses and enriches the blood, which largely determines the condition of the complexion, its texture and color. In lieu of more strenuous forms a good tramp in the country is beneficial.

Women do not rest their feet and treat them to air baths as frequently as they should. After the bath, slip on sandals, or, better still, rest them on a pillow for half an hour. A sun bath is likewise excellent. Ten minutes' rest before retiring each night, after giving the feet their daily treatment, will often encourage drowsiness and remove the last painful kink from the tired muscles.

The care of the child's first teeth is important, because the health of the permanent set is largely dependent upon that of the first set. The second teeth are much larger than the first, and consequently need more room in the gum. For necessary development the jaws must be given plenty of exercise. Consequently the child should have a mixed diet, including some hard food which he cannot swallow without chewing. Toast, crusts, hard crackers, certain fruits, like apples, salad, vegetables, and meats should provide the food elements needed for healthy teeth if the child is thriving.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

One way to get smooth work is to pass the thread, after drawing it from the skein, thru the thumb and finger to find out which way the twist runs. Then insert the thread in the eye of the needle so that the twist runs down from the needle.

In making cross-stitch letters or monogram on the damask it is extremely difficult to make even stitches. The work will be easier and more satisfactory if you baste a piece of the old-fashioned cross-stitch canvas on the table cloth or towel, place the article in an embroidery hoop and proceed with the stitching. A piece of canvas only a very little larger than the letter or monogram is needed and, when finished, the threads of the canvas can be drawn, leaving the completed letter upon the linen

INEXPENSIVE MEAT SUBSTITUTE.

Cottage cheese is one of the important meat substitutes, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. It contains a larger percentage of protein (the chief material for body building) than most meats, and furnishes this material at a lower cost. In every pound of cottage cheese there is about one-fifth of a pound of protein, nearly all of which is digestible. Meats, on the other hand, usually contain less protein, and besides have a certain waste, such as bone and other inedible material. A pound of cottage cheese daily would supply all the protein required by the ordinary adult engaged in a sedentary occupation.

The following table shows that cottage cheese, obtainable at from 12 to 17 cents per pound, is much cheaper than most meats in furnishing protein for the diet.

For supplying protein, one pound of cottage cheese equals: 1.27 pounds sirloin steak, 1.09 pounds round steak, 1.37 pounds chuck rib beef, 1.52 pounds fowl, 1.46 pounds fresh ham, 1.44 pounds smoked ham, 1.58 pounds loin pork chop, 1.31 pounds hind leg of lamb, 1.37 pounds breast of veal.

In addition to protein, energy for performing body work must be furnished by food. As a source of energy also cottage cheese is cheaper than most meats at present prices. The following table shows the comparison when energy is considered.

On the basis of energy supplied, one pound of cottage cheese equals: Eight and one-third ounces sirloin steak, 11¼ ounces round steak, 11¼ ounces chuck rib beef, 10¾ ounces fowl, 5½ ounces fresh ham, 5 ounces smoked ham, 6 ounces loin pork chop, 7½ ounces hind leg of lamb, 12¾ ounces breast of veal.

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CHAPTER V.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

LEAVING Ethan and his friends on the eve of more exciting adventures, let us return for a moment to Jason and his prisoner, the disguised dispatch bearer, captured by the resolute boys near the ford. The old scout had promised to deliver his charge at the nearest partisan camp, and Jerry Pidgin, when he looked into the steely eyes of his guard, knew that bribery was out of the question, and that the old man would carry out his resolve.

For some days the mountaineers of the South had been gathering for the chase of Ferguson and his fifteen hundred followers. The King's man who had ravaged the districts was not to be permitted to escape the vengeance of the patriots. They resolved to hunt him down just as they had often hunted the sneaking wolf or the robber bear. He should not reach Cornwallis if they could help it, and this is why mounted messengers had been sent in every direction calling on all the mountaineers to arm for the fray.

Long suffering at the hands of British and Tories had rendered the patriots' forbearance unendurable. Ferguson's inhumanity, coupled with Tarleton's acts and Cornwallis' brutal warfare, had brought the war into the very heart of the Whig country. The muskets of the redcoats were hammering at their doors, and the torch of the Tories had set the very skies ablaze.

From beyond the mountain range came the men of Virginia, the old North State was marshaling her heroes, and from every river and hill swarmed the men for the man chase. They came on horseback, with their long deadly rifles; they were dressed in hunting costume, variously fringed, their felt and coonskin hats wore sprays of hemlock, and in the belt of each man was a long knife for use in close quarters. Their hardy steeds were wiry animals capable of great endurance; they knew the mountain trails as well as their masters, they never seemed to tire, for if the steeds had given out, Ferguson would have escaped.

In a large hollow of the great hills, which were covered with dense forests of pine, oak, hemlock and gum trees, a motley camp had been pitched. Men in buckskin might have been seen lounging about the place or cleaning their rifles preparatory for the struggle which was to immortalize every marksman. There was no semblance of order; the men appeared to have no regular leader, but the time was near at hand when the right man was to lead them upon the foe.

The day had broken clear and echoing, as Jason and his prisoner came in sight of the mountain rendezvous. Master Pidgin—he still stuck to the name he had assumed, the eyidently it was to his own—gave a quick start and glanced at his guard. Jason made a sweeping gesture.

"That's only a part o' them," he said, replying to his prisoner's look. "Colonel Ferguson will think that all the Rebels under the sun are out when he sees the full array."

"What!" exclaimed Master Pidgin with a smile of disdain, "do such looking men expect to whip the King's regulars?"

"Why not?" answered Jason. "Does it take regulars to lick regulars?"

"I don't think such men as I see down yonder stand any show against Colonel Ferguson. When he gives them the bayonet there will be scampering over the hills. I don't see a bayonet among the whole lot."

"But you see rifles," returned Jason, with spirit, "and behind each sight is a man who can use the gun. Why, sir, those rough-looking men, 'rapscallions' Cornwallis has called 'em, can shoot out a squirrel's eye in the highest pine."

Master Pidgin lapsed into silence, which he kept for some time.

"Why, they've got no artillery!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"They don't need any," said Jason. "A bullet carries as far as a cannon ball, an' then what's artillery good for in a mountain fight? I've seen the mountain men outshoot Cornwallis' artillery before now."

In a short time the two were on the outskirts of the camp, and a number of mountaineers had already singled them out.

"Whom have we here?" asked a man dressed in a fringed hunting frock, as he came alongside of Jason, but with his eyes fixed upon Master Pidgin.

"Oh," answered the old scout, "he kin speak for himself, but if he doesn't care to I will say that I've been callin' him Master Pidgin for the last few hours."

"Where did you pick him up, Jason?"

"It wasn't altogether my pickin' up, if I must say it. I got him from a lot of boys down below. He fell afoul o' them, Colonel, an' this is what they took from him."

Jason's hand was withdrawn from the inside of his coat and a bit of paper was thrust forward. The man addressed as Colonel opened it, and then looked up into Master Pidgin's face.

"I see," he remarked, with a faint smile. "A dispatch bearer from Cornwallis? How is this, Master Pidgin?"

"I may as well confess to the truth," was the reply. "I was on my way to Colonel Ferguson, when I was overhauled by a lot of young Rebels and robbed of my dispatches."

"Young wolves can bite as well as old ones," said the other, who was Colonel Shelby of the mountain men.

"I have found that out," admitted Master Pidgin, with a sorry grimace.

The dispatch bearer was taken to the middle of the camp, where he was turned over to a number of mountaineers with the injunction to watch him carefully. Jason rode back to Colonel Shelby.

"How are they coming in?" he asked.

"Splendidly, Jason. McDowell will join us by night, and Sevier is expected at dawn. Then we will see Williams and his men, and Cleveland won't be long getting here. Oh, it will be the hunt of our lives!" and Shelby's eyes lit up with satisfaction. "The men are eager for the fray, and all will be in at the death."

Jason turned away and rode to the edge of the camp, where he came face to face with a man who was cleaning his rifle at the foot of a tree. The two exchanged salutations, and Jason let the reins drop loosely on the neck of his gray.

"What did you find below, Jason?" asked the man on the ground.

"I found nothing to speak of. The whole country is aroused, and there will be such a flocking in as Whig and Tory have never seen."

"Did you see the old scoundrel?"

"David Meccam, the Tory?"

"Yes, Jason."

"I passed within sight of his house," answered the partisan. "Of course, not being invited to partake o' his hospitality, I didn't stop."

"Would you have stopped if he had asked you?"

"Why not, Felix?" grinned Jason. "You know I like a good fare, and it's been a long time since I put my feet under such mahogany as Davy Meccam has in his house. I know you hate the old Tory, Felix——"

"And who has a better right?" interrupted the rifleman. "It was by his orders that my little home was burned over my children's heads, and they were driven forth in the stormy night. I tell you, Jason, the day of vengeance is coming for some of these King's men."

"That it is, Felix, an' the sooner it comes the better, says Jason Moore."

Further conversation was excluded by a shout which made the welkin ring, and the two men turned to see a party of horsemen advancing toward the camp in the hollow. Each man wore a sprig of hemlock in his hat and carried a long-barreled rifle across the pommel of his homemade saddle.

"It's McDowell's men, p'raps," remarked the rifleman, his eyes glowing with eagerness. "By tomorrow mayhap we'll be in the saddle for the chase."

Jason did not reply, but remained silent, watching the advancing troops, for they seemed to number hundreds, and it appeared to the old scout that there was no end to their motley array.

"You did not see Paul, Jason?" questioned the rifleman, calling the scout back to his last journey

"Yes, I must tell you. Paul was among the boys who captured Cornwallis' courier whom I brought with me to camp just now."

"I knew the youngster wouldn't be idle!" exclaimed Felix Sumter. "He hates the enemies of freedom with the same hatred his father bears toward them. So the boys caught a courier?"

"They weren't exactly looking for him, but all is fish that comes to their nets. They were guarding a ford, expecting to overhaul one o' Ferguson's couriers."

"I see. When are you going back, Jason?"

"I shall not remain here long. I don't like camp life. Give me the trail, especially when it leads to a redcoat or a Tory, an' then old Jason is in his element."

"But you'll be in at the end?"

"I'll be there!" answered Jason, with emphasis. "Ferguson will have to stop an' fight us somewhere. He'll never see the face of Earl Cornwallis again."

Master Sumter rose and shouldered his rifle, and, with Jason, moved toward the center of the camp.

All at once they espied a group of men who seemed to be pressing toward a certain point, and they went in that direction. A young Indian had dismounted from a scraggy-looking animal and was facing a lot of angry mountain men who were uttering all sorts of maledictions.

"We don't want Indians in the camp. They're in the pay of the King!" shouted the leader of the group. "I say down with the hated red men."

The Indian—he was but little more than a boy, tho nimble and as straight as an arrow—drew back and gazed at the shouting crowd.

"There's a good limb over yonder," continued the leader. "Spare that young red and Ferguson will know all our plans in advance."

The mob moved nearer the young Otari, who hugged his horse's side and looked appealingly around. Suddenly his eyes alighted upon Jason.

"Oh, it is Red Fox!" exclaimed the old scout, and he moved toward the menaced one.

"What if it is?" demanded half a dozen men, who turned scowling faces toward Jason. "The Indians are in the pay of the redcoats——"

"But this one isn't," and the old scout planted himself firmly beside the youth. "Do you vouch for him?" demanded the captain of the mountaineers.

"Yes!" cried Jason, and his hand dropped lightly upon Red Fox's shoulder. "I do vouch for this boy. I owe my life to him. Last summer, when I lay on the Big Smoky with a broken leg, he came to me and stood between me an' death. Jason vouches for Red Fox!"

The men of the old hunter caused the crowd to retreat half ashamed of its demonstration.

"You will find Red Fox an' Jason fightin' side by side when we run the common foe to cover," he went on. "The boy stood by Jason when he was in trouble, an' Jason stands by the boy."

The young Indian gave the old scout a look of gratitude and fumbled in his bullet pouch. When he withdrew his hand it was clutching a silver bullet which he extended to Jason. Jason held the bullet up so that all could see it.

"It's a silver bullet," said he, "Look here, men. It is in two parts," and he unscrewed the sections and took out a bit of thin paper which fitted the little cavity to a nicety.

"Where did you run across this, Red Fox?" he asked, whirling upon the Otari.

"In the big forest," answered the Indian youth. "White man ride to the big redcoat chief in the North."

"I see! You overhauled one o' Ferguson's couriers?"

"White man came from the big soldier to the south."

"What say you now, men?" cried Jason. "Is Red Fox in the pay o' the King?"

"Why didn't he bring the courier into camp?"

Jason turned again to the youth.

"Where is the man who carried the silver bullet?" he asked.

A strange, victorious light flashed up in the Indian's eyes.

"The white man rides no more thru the big dark," said Red Fox. "He died like the wolf dies in the forest."

"You killed him, then?"

The young Otari touched the stock of his rifle and looked into Jason's eyes.

"We'll see what Ferguson was sending to Cornwallis," remarked Jason, striding away, with a gesture for the Indian boy to follow him.

Colonel Shelby was soon found, and his face changed color as he mastered the dispatch.

"This is highly important," he said, with a look at Jason. "It locates our quarry. Why didn't you deliver this when I first saw you?"

"The Indian brought it in just now, Colonel."

Rough Shelby had no love for Indians, whom he had hunted during the best years of his life. He covered the statuesque youth with his eagle eyes and then held out his hand

"One good Indian," he said, with a little smile. "We must keep track of him."

"I'll do that, Colonel," answered Jason. "The man who seeks to touch Red Fox must fight me."

The importance of the dispatch taken from the courier whom Red Fox had slain was not to be despised. It told the mountaineer that Ferguson was beginning to fear the men whom he had derided. He no longer despised the men of the hills and he now knew that they were closing in upon him with dire vengeance in their hearts.

All day the little camp between the wooded hills was a scene of excitement. Mountaineers came in in squads, all well mounted and provisioned for the chase. The most of them were old Indian fighters, but now they had armed for a different foe, and all were eager to be led to the battlefield.

Toward evening Jason called Red Fox to his side and spoke to him in low tones.

"I dare not leave you here, boy, among these men who hate your race like poison," he said. "They are liable to form an' come down on you like the Assyrians o' old. I'm goin' back to the mountain trail. Would you go with me?"

"Red Fox go anywhere with his friend Jason," said the young Otari, touching Jason's sleeve.

"I can show you some young Whigs who will gladly let you fight with them," Jason continued.

"Red Fox fight with white boys."

"Then fight you shall!" exclaimed the old scout. "There's goin' to be plenty o' it before long. We're goin' to strip the hull off o' this British invasion and get at the kernel. Come along."

The strangely assorted pair moved slowly from the camp, which was soon left behind. There were streaks of white in the long locks that dangled over Jason's shoulders and furrows on his temples, but age could not dim the fire in his eyes nor soften his muscles of iron.

For a long time the young Indian gazed in speechless silence at his deliverer. Once or twice he put out his hand as if he were about to speak, but his lips did not move.

At last he could restrain his feelings no longer. He threw his body toward Jason, and his arms went about the old scout's neck. Closer and closer he hugged Jason, till a mist swam in the scout's eyes and his whole body trembled.

"Red Fox pay Jason back some day!" cried the young Otari. "Him save Red Fox from the mad men back in camp!"

"Never you mind, boy," said Jason, his voice half choked. "You paid me in full long ago," and, the old scout not trying to disengage the red youth's arm, they went slowly down the dimming trail, the boy's head on Jason's shoulder and the last sunlight in their faces.

The time was coming when the boy of the forest wigwam was to prove his worth.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

BEATEN by the heroism of Ethan Byrd, Captain Rough, the Loyalist, resolved to execute vengeance on the youth and his friends at the first opportunity. It galled him to think that he had been outwitted by one so youthful, but he had engaged in partisan warfare long enough to have tested the courage of the young Whigs of the district, and his meeting with Ethan should have told him that in the liberty boys he would find enemies worthy of his steel. Therefore it was in no merry mood that the Raven of the Mountains rode from the scene of his discomfiture.

"I'll pay the young Rebel back!" he exclaimed more than once, smiting the pommel of his saddle. "I know the young wolf. He is at the head of a lot of young King defiers, and the sooner we rid the land of them the better."

One of the men addressed him and asked if they should now go to Ferguson, or turn their faces northward with the intention of joining Cornwallis.

"We shall do neither," cried Captain Rough with a scowl. "In the first place we must re-arm ourselves, and, secondly, we shall swoop down upon the nest that contains these young eagles and destroy the entire brood."

That same day the band of six rode up to David Meccam's house on the hill, where they were received with courtesy and given arms from a lot which the Tory had in hiding.

"I hope you'll make good use of them," said David, as he placed the rifles in the Captain's hands. "The mountain men are rising against Colonel Ferguson, and unless they are soon defeated they may get the upper hand, and then our cause will suffer."

"Trust me to take care of all the Rebels we flush," was the reply. "I

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have a few pressing debts to pay off in this vicinity, and when that has been attended to I shall join Ferguson and assist him in chastising these mountain vermin."

Captain Rough had taken good care to keep from the Tory the true story of the loss of his rifles and Ethan's name was not mentioned during the colloquy.

The King's scouts was well acquainted with the neighborhood; in fact, he had raided it on more than one occasion, and the haunts of the liberty boys were known to him. He determined to make a swoop that very night, and he proceeded to get together a few more Tories of his own ilk. These men were as eager to fall upon their old enemies, the Whigs, and gladly volunteered to ride wherever Captain Rough led.

Ethan, after his exploit at the home of Helen Boyce, made his way to his own abode for a little rest. He took upon himself but little praise for his heroism, but all the time the thanks of Helen and her mother sounded in his ears.

He had informed his companions of the league that they would again watch the ford the coming night, for it was more than likely that Ferguson would attempt to send dispatches to Cornwallis. Of course, Ethan was not aware of Red Fox's capture of the silver bullet, but even if he had known of it, the incident would not have deterred him from his plans.

In the gathering dusk he set out from his home for the rendezvous near the little river. He was well aware of the gathering of the mountain clans for the trapping of Ferguson, but the time had not come for him to make one of the number.

One by one he picked up his companions, until all six were once more together. Allan and his comrades laughed heartily at Ethan's story of how he had bested Captain Rough, but all agreed that the Tory raider would turn upon them at the first opportunity. It was well, therefore, to be on the alert for this dangerous foe, for Captain Rough deeply felt his defeat, and would not hesitate to carry out the basest designs his brain could devise.

It was a night in which heavy clouds drifted across the bright disc of the moon, and at times cast the landscape in shadow. Whenever the silver luminary peeped forth the tall trees loomed up like spectres, and when the clouds held sway the forest became as dark as an Egyptian tomb.

The boys at length reached the scene of their watch, and immediately posted themselves.

The river was singing its way to the far away ocean, a light breeze stirred the spectral branches of the trees, and now and then were heard the mournful cry of the wolf and the dismal hoot of the night owl.

The spot was lonely enough, but the liberty boys were not deterred by their surroundings. They were engaged in a holy cause, and one which they confidently hoped would soon be crowned with success. The defeat of Gates had only filled the hearts of the patriots with new resolves, and already rumors had reached the mountains that General Greene would soon take command in that quarter.

"What are these stories about Mistress Meccam?" asked Allan, in low tones, while he and Ethan watched side by side. "It is said that she has deserted her father's house."

"I have heard nothing but rumors," Ethan replied. "Mistress Helen recounted them to me before I left her home. It is even said that the Tory drove his daughter off because she objected to the inhuman campaign the British and Tories have been carrying on in the Carolinas. Really, Allan, I cannot think of a Meccam sympathizing with our cause. The family is for the King, and has been ever since the opening of the war. Jason told me that he saw Mistress Naomi riding thru the night like a fugitive witch, but I am inclined to think that the old scout is mistaken."

"I got my news from one of the Tory's runaway blacks," Allan responded. "He told me that the girl took the animal which belongs to her and rode away after a quarrel with her father."

"But whither would she go? You know her father's Toryism is so well known that she could not hope for shelter from any of our patriot friends."

"I am aware of that, Ethan, but if Mistress Naomi has deserted the King, we must not turn our backs on her."

"Assuredly not, Allan. If the girl is an outcast on account of her sentiments we will befriend her whenever we can."

A few moments later a great bank of clouds drifted across the moon's face and blotted out river and woodland. The watchers by the ford could see nothing, and the only sound that reached their ears was the musical call of the stream.

"What if the courier should come now?" whispered Paul Sumter.

"He might elude us, Paul," answered Ethan. "We can only hope that he will delay his appearance, if he is to ride tonight."

Suddenly Allan's hand fell upon Ethan's arm, and the boy whispered:

"Horsemen in the ford!"

The trained ears of Ethan Byrd had already caught the sounds, and he was leaning forward with every sense on the alert.

"Oh, for a moment of moonlight," he was saying to himself, and the next second, as tho in answer to his prayer, the clouds parted, and the silvery light of the moon fell upon the water.

There were horsemen in the middle of the stream, as Allan had discovered.

The young partisans counted ten rough-looking men in the purling tide, all armed with the long rifles of the border, and the horses were drinking eagerly of the water that rippled around their hoofs.

"Captain Rough and his band!" said Ethan, in guarded tones. "That means a raid upon some unprotected homes tonight."

"Aye, Ethan. We can halt them if we will."

"We will, Allan!" came thru Ethan's welded lips. "Ready, boys, for the holy cause we serve!"

There was a clicking of rifle locks among the little band, for there were targets in midstream which could not be overlooked. The Tories were unsuspecting of danger, for it was not at the ford that they expected to encounter Ethan Byrd and his friends.

A little silence followed the clicking of the deadly locks, and then one word passed the young leader's lips.

"Fire!"

The six weapons seemed to speak as one. There were cries in midstream, several men pitched forward and horses began to plunge in madness and confusion.

"Down upon them!" cried Ethan, his voice ringing loud and clear above those of the astonished enemy, and the young patriots dashed from their covert and threw themselves into the water.

Captain Rough, altho taken by surprise, did not lose his head. A bullet had torn thru his shoulder and his hat had been knocked into the water, but he kept his saddle and fired into the foe that had rushed upon him.

At that moment the moon was again obscured, and the two bands came together in almost solid darkness. There were blows and sharp cries, and then came the rush of horses from the river.

Captain Rough had found his young enemies too much for him and had raised the cry of retreat. The Tories' horses scrambled out of the water, pursued to the edge, despite the darkness, by the boys, but on the bank the young mountaineers drew rein.

Down the road rushed the raider's men, and, unwilling to follow for fear that others were near at hand, the attacking party turned back to the ambush.

"Where is Ethan?" asked Allan, as his heart went into his throat.

The moon had emerged once more from the cloud bank, and the five young rangers looked about for their leader. But Ethan was not to be seen.

"Is it possible that he has been slain?" asked Paul.

"Or captured?" cried Allan.

Allan dashed back to the ford and plunged in. In the moonlight he caught sight of an object which rested against a stone in the middle of the stream. He uttered a cry of horror as he picked it up. It was Ethan's hat with the sprig of hemlock at the side, and for a minute Allan held it up in the light and shivered.

Slowly and in deep dejection he rejoined his companions, to whom he exhibited his trophy, and the boys gazed at it in silence. There was but one solution to the mystery. Ethan had fallen into the hands of Captain Rough.

Determined first to satisfy themselves on this score, the disconsolate little band rode into the stream and searched it for a short time. Lodged against a rock lower down lay one of the Tories, and on the bank, with his already blanched face turned to the sky, was stretched another, but there was no sign of Ethan.

If Allan and his companions could have pierced the space that stretched southward from the scene of the struggle, they would have seen their missing captain riding beside the Tory scourge, whose eyes regarded him with evil intent.

The youth had dashed straight into the very heart of the Tory band. Suddenly he felt his rifle snatched from his grasp, and the next instant his arms were pinioned to his side and he was a prisoner. For some time he had ridden alongside Captain Rough, to whom he had not spoken.

"It was a pretty trick, my young nighthawk!" ejaculated the Tory, turning suddenly to Ethan. "We did not look for you arrant Rebels at the ford. You were not watching for us?"

Ethan shook his head.

"We did not expect you, Captain Rough," he answered. "If we had, we would have met you lower down."

"Where you would have had a better chance to bag us all? I see. That was a pretty trick you played at the house of Mistress Boyce. You hardly expect me to recommend you for promotion for that?"

Ethan caught the sarcasm in the Tory's voice and did not speak.

"How many were at the ford?" queried Captain Rough.

"There were six of us."

"The whole audacious cabal!" grinned the Tory leader. "Well, if we had seen you first—but no matter, we've done pretty well, I'm thinking. Only two men left behind, and I have in my power the very fox I cared to bag." The boy partisan knew this. He expected no mercy at the hands of the wretch into whose power fate had cast him. The affair at Helen's home rankled in Captain Rough's bosom, and he was not likely to deal leniently with the boy who had defeated him.

"Where are your mountain clans gathering?" he suddenly asked Ethan.

A smile flitted over the youth's face.

"You don't expect me to betray my friends?" he said, looking squarely into the dark visage that watched him like a hawk.

"Who is their leader?"

"One who is as good a fighter as the rascal Ferguson!" flashed Ethan.

"Think you so?" responded Captain Rough. "That remains to be tried, and when the two forces have united the mountain vermin will be annihilated."

"Captain Rough," said Ethan, slowly, "you underrate the prowess and bravery of the men who have come out of the mountains to hunt Patrick Ferguson. Every man has wrongs to avenge. Their sword will be like the eagle's, and when all is over Cornwallis will wait till doomsday for his Colonel."

The Raven of the Mountains drew back and studied Ethan's face in silence.

"By my life," he cried, "if all these mountain men are like you, boy, Colonel Ferguson may well look to his laurels."

"The mountaineers are fighting in a righteous cause, and they are not going to give up till the hand that has devastated the Carolinas is forever powerless to harm."

Captain Rough looked away, but soon came back to his young prisoner. He took off his hat and held it before Ethan's face.

"See how near you came to depriving the King of a servant," he smiled, placing his finger in a gaping hole in his headgear. "It's the narrowest escape Tobias Shell has had in many a day."

Ethan looked at the hat, but did not reply.

"The wound in my shoulder is nothing," pursued Captain Rough. "I've been hit before. It is a bullet in the head that puts a fellow out of business."

Ethan had been previously placed in the midst of the Tory band in order to render escape impossible. He was still in his own saddle, and to his surprise his limbs had not been secured, as the enemy relied upon their numbers and watchfulness to keep him in their power. Captain Rough appeared to divine his young prisoner's thoughts.

"You need not think," said he, with a suddenness that sent a thrill thru Ethan's frame, "that a dash would give you liberty. Why, my young hawk, you would get six good bullets in your back the moment your horse plunged forward."

The boy patriot knew this. He knew that the Tories of the Carolinas were quick on the trigger, and that as marksmen there were none better among the mountain men. If he had harbored thoughts of escape at the present time, he had speedily dismissed them, but hope had not yet deserted him.

"Do you know what I am going to do with you?" asked Captain Rough, after a brief silence.

There was no reply.

"Since you are so anxious to meet Colonel Ferguson, I intend to give you the opportunity," continued the Tory. "I have no doubt he will be glad to see you. My only regret is that I cannot present to him all your companions."

"The introduction may take place later on," observed Ethan, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Say you so, eh?" cried Captain Rough, who perfectly understood. "I am sure the meeting when it takes place will not disturb General Cornwallis' subordinate. It is ho! for Ferguson now."

Altho his assurance was not pleasing to Ethan, he would discover the exact whereabouts of the man who was being hunted by the mountain men. He wondered what had become of Allan and the others after the affair at the ford. Would they attempt to wrest him from Captain Rough? In one sense he hoped not, for the Tories were watchful and full of revenge, and an attempt at rescue might result disastrously to the members of the young league.

In a short time the gait of the party was increased, and Ethan was hurried over the wide trail which led thru the hills toward the west.

Not for a moment did his captors cease to watch him. Their lowering gaze told him how well he was hated by the whole band, and he knew that the slightest movement on his part looking to escape would seal his doom.

All night the band pursued its way. The ford was left far behind, and at last Ethan saw in the east the first arrows of the new day. He felt that he was nearing Ferguson's camp, from the looks of his foes, and at last he perceived far ahead on a rise of ground a large number of men. Captain Rough caught Ethan's eye and waved his hand toward the sight.

"You will soon be under the King's banners!" he said, with a malicious grin. "It will be the first time you have been so near them and the last!"

There was no response to the threat contained in the last words and no answer at all save a defiant look from the young prisoner.

A few minutes later Captain Rough was challenged by a sentry, past whom the marauders rode, and Ethan found himself in the camp of Colonel Ferguson, the most hated man in the service of the King.

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

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Every street and every passage,
Bridge and taxi, train and car,
Doorways, halls and elevators—
It's the same where'er you are—
Show you hurrying throngs of people
Who dare neither halt nor shirk
Lest they straight be overridden
Of that awful demon, Work!

This old planet's population
Rubs a billion and a half,
Yet the way the people hustle
Must constrain the gods to laugh.
With this mighty host attacking
Still would work be never done
If they went about it calmly,
So they jump and trot and run!

So they drive and rush and bustle
And no end is yet in sight;
Work by many, many furlongs
Leads the race from dawn to night.
What a hopeless proposition
This old world in times long gone
Must have been to Father Adam
While the boys were coming on!

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So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days' trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Pad—shown here on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath etc. Has cured in case after case where all seemed hopeless.

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Mail us one CARENCE NASAL SHIELD. I will try this shield 10 days. If I am satisfied that I have had relief, and I am to be the judge, I will remit you $10.00 in full payment, or will return the shield to you which cancels this obligation.

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THE FAIRY CORNER

FLOWERS AND WEBDS.

Have you ever heard what the fairies say,
Little girl, little boy? Oh, hear and heed!
For each smile you wear on your face today
There's a flower grows; for each frown a weed.

So make this world like a garden bright,
Little girl, little boy, keep frowns away.
Oh, the loving lips that can say tonight,
We have scattered flowers o'er the earth today!

GARDEN FAIRIES.

"No," said mamma, severely, "don't pick that radish. You don't like radishes, so why should you destroy it?"

Ethel pouted. "But, mamma, it looks so cute and red."

"Nevertheless," replied mamma, firmly, "let it alone until the gardener picks some for luncheon. And see," she continued, "you almost trod on that dear little violet."

The radish breathed easier while the shy little violet peeped over at him.

"A naughty and cruel little girl, I'm thinking," ventured the radish, slowly; "really, I trembled for your safety when I heard her footsteps."

The violet sighed as she responded: "I don't mind being plucked and placed in a vase where my perfume will be appreciated and perhaps cause joy to some poor invalid, but as for that dreadful little girl, she certainly is cruel."

"Indeed," ventured the onion, with some asperity, her anger growing stronger and sharper at the mere recollection, "why, only yesterday she pulled up my sisters and a handful of brothers and, after tasting them, made a very wry face and tossed them out on the road.

"Now, I do not mind one bit making folks happy by adding a little relish to their meals, that is what we are here for; but I do most decidedly object to being pulled out by the roots to serve no other purpose whatever except to satisfy the selfish whims of a very naughty, cruel and thoughtless little miss."

"Very good, indeed," croaked little froggie, hopping about on one leg. "I was just enjoying myself on the lily pond when a pebble struck me; oh, my, oh, my," he spluttered, "I do believe my leg is fractured, and then, I won't even be marketable! Who wants fractured frogs' legs for stew?"

"All the work of naughty Ethel," grunted a little cucumber. "I just wish she had bitten into me. My, but they would have sent for Doctor Peppermint quick."

"Well, I would not care to punish her so severely, really, I wouldn't," objected Mr. Corn, dubiously; "she is only a trifle thoughtless."

"Thoughtless, indeed!" cried his pretty little daughter, waving her yellow silken curls and showing her even white teeth; "you should have seen her pulling my hair to trim her doll's bonnet with."

"Yes," pouted a demure golden-hearted little daisy. "Why, only the other day she plucked all the petals from my little sister and then tossed them all away, just for mere sport. I should not have cared so very much if she had plucked us to wear in her belt; because we form such a nice posy, and anything that delights the eye is an education and makes for happiness."

"Oh, ho!" chirped a young robin, alighting on a twig close by. "How learned we are since we rested upon teacher's desk yesterday and had all the little pupils watching us."

"Well," remarked the little green clover leaf, soberly, "I think teacher is just lovely, and, furthermore, I do not understand how a little girl like Ethel can be so cruel with such a kind, sweet teacher to guide her."

"I think she ought to be taught a lesson," murmured clover leaf. "Why, in a fit of temper yesterday, she deliberately tore a handful of tender young grasses and trampled them under foot. The poor little darlings were not even old enough to be plucked. Their little green blades were just peeping thru their brown beds."

"Something will surely have to be done," sagely remarked a currant bush, then, laughing, he related how Ethel had tasted a big handful of unripe currants yesterday, and how her lips puckered and what a wry face she cut.

"Serve her right," snapped Miss String Bean, walking away.

"Gently, gently," remonstrated little Miss Green Pea, peeping amiably out of her snug little pod.

"I think we had better form a club to discuss ways and means to circumvent certain young folk who think this beautiful world and everything in it was created solely for their own pleasure and endeavor to teach them the three cardinal virtues—thoughtfulness, kindness and consideration for others," solemnly affirmed Jack in the Pulpit.

"Bravo," piped Mr. Grasshopper.

"If you don't mind my resting here a bit," broke in Mr. South Wind, "perhaps I can help you."

"Oh, no, indeed!" was the shrill but subdued chorus that greeted him; for they all dearly loved the South Wind.

"Well, um—um—let me see," mused he reminiscently. "How would the Garden Culture Club do?"

"Fine, fine, excellent!" was the joyful echo. "But, but, what does culture mean?" timidly queried Miss Gooseberry.

"Let me see," mused the South Wind. "Oh, I have it! Why, culture means refinement."

"And, please, Mr. South Wind, what does refinement mean?" gently interrogated a beautiful lily.

The South Wind hummed a pretty little air, as he bowed low before the lily.

"Why," he ejaculated, "you yourself are the epitome of refinement. So pure, so sweet."

"Well, then, agreed upon that the lily is our emblem," briskly cried Miss Parsley.

"Aye, aye," was the quick response. "And I furthermore declare," broke in Miss Carrot, "that we are banded together——"

"For our mutual welfare," interjected a rosy pippin, leaning from his perch on the topmost branch of the old apple tree.

"Agreed, agreed!" all shouted in chorus.

"And our motto—'Live and Let Live,'" declared Miss Strawberry, smarting under the recollection of certain little fingers which had handled her kindred none too gently that very morning.

"And to teach," amended a fat yellow tomato, "certain young people a lesson in consideration for all growing things, until our kind guide, the sun, and our loving friends, the elements, in conjunction with our wise protector, the gardener, in the fullness of time see fit to make us useful, healthful and a blessing to man."

ABOUT BIRDHOUSES.

"When I build a house for a wren, why do I find it occupied by a chickadee?" "What bird demands an apartment house, and what one will live in an old tin can?" "How do you build a birdhouse, anyhow?" These are some of the questions that are frequently asked.

The Audubon Society has issued a pamphlet on this subject, which may be obtained from the headquarters of the society, 1974 Broadway, New York City. It gives the sizes of entrances to houses required for different species of birds, the proper floor space, the height of the entrance above the floor and the height the birdhouse should be placed above the ground. These dimensions, it is said, differ with different kinds of birds, so you must know what will suit the particular kind you wish to attract when you set out to build bird homes.

"A few years ago," said Secretary Pearson of the Audubon Association, "only four species were commonly regarded as house birds—the house wren, the bluebird, the tree swallow and the martin. Since the movement to protect birds and make neighbors of them began, their natures and needs have become better understood.

"Flickers readily accept houses made according to their standards. Red-headed and golden-fronted woodpeckers are willing occupants of artificial houses, and even the downy woodpecker, a pretty good little carpenter himself, has deemed such a home satisfactory. Shelters having one or more sides open are used by birds that would never venture into dark houses suited to woodpeckers, and have been occupied by robins, brown thrashers and song sparrows and phoebes. The building of birdhouses brings opportunity for some interesting studies of our feathered friends."

Small Girl (to butcher)—"Three cents' worth of cat meat for pa's right eye—he's been getting gay with ma."

WHAT HE'D EARNED.

Father was leaving his little boy in the care of his maiden aunts, and, knowing Sonny's capacity for mischief, he said:

"Look here, boy, you've got to be extra good till I come back. Do everything your aunts tell you. If they give me a good report of you I'll give you a quarter—a whole quarter—to spend!"

"Yes!" said Sonny, and his face was angelic.

But the desire for mischief asserted itself, and Sonny was in disgrace two-thirds of the time his father was away.

"Well, little man," said father, kindly, when he returned, "have you been a good boy? Have you earned the quarter I promised you."

Sonny's lips trembled, and slowly he raised his great brown eyes to his father's face.

"Give me a penny!" he said sadly.

THE STRANGE BOX.

When the little prince woke up on the morning of his birthday he began to wonder at once what his birthday gift would be. As soon as he had put on his blue velvet suit and his blue silk stockings and his shoes with silver buckles and had eaten his porridge from a gold bowl, he ran into his playroom.

There stood a big box in the middle of the floor. It was closed. It must be his birthday gift, the little prince thought.

He started to go toward it, but just then he remembered what his father, the king, had said to him.

"Never take anything that does not belong to you."

"Well, it's my birthday gift, I am sure," the little prince thought, and he went close to the box. He reached out his hands to touch it, but just then he remembered what his mother, the queen, had said to him:

"Never open anything unless you have been given permission."

"But I want to see what is inside," the little prince said to himself, and was about to pry open the top of the box when he heard a soft little voice sounding as if it came from inside his heart:

"Why don't you mind your mother and father?" the voice said.

So the little prince did not open the box, but only stood and looked at it and wondered and wondered what could be inside it.

Then the door opened, and in came the king and queen and all the court to wish the little prince a happy birthday.

"Here is your birthday gift," said the queen, as she held the strange box up in her arms.

"Just listen to it," said the king, as he touched a spring in the side of the box.

Oh, how wonderful the music was that filled the room! It was a music-box. It was not to be opened; if the little prince had touched it he might never have heard the music.

Wasn't it good that he had minded his father and mother just as you always obey yours?

BIRDS IN WAR.

A sailor recently stated that sea gulls are very useful for betraying the whereabouts of a submarine. When the birds discern a periscope they rise in a flock from the water's surface and circle round it, uttering shrill cries. This performance attracts the attention of the crews of approaching vessels, and ofttimes results in the submarine being discovered.

While sea gulls are unconsciously aiding sailors, parrots are carrying out equally useful work for soldiers. It has been discovered that parrots have an extraordinary faculty for anticipating the approach of aircraft. Before an aeroplane has come within range of the human eye the feathered alarum becomes violently agitated and shrieks incessantly.

In France wild birds often provide artillery observers with clews as to the whereabouts of hidden batteries. Birds rise in flocks from trees in the vicinity of which guns are being fired, and when there is a lull in the activities of the concealed artillery many of them return to their former perches. A trained observer can quickly tell, from the erratic movements of flocks of birds, the approximate locality of gun batteries hidden from his view.

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Age?..... How old is Goitre?..... yrs.
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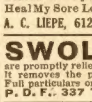

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Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case.

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are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St., Springfield Mass.

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will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism. Enclose two-cent stamp. W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Avenue, Los Angeles, California

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Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents. The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.

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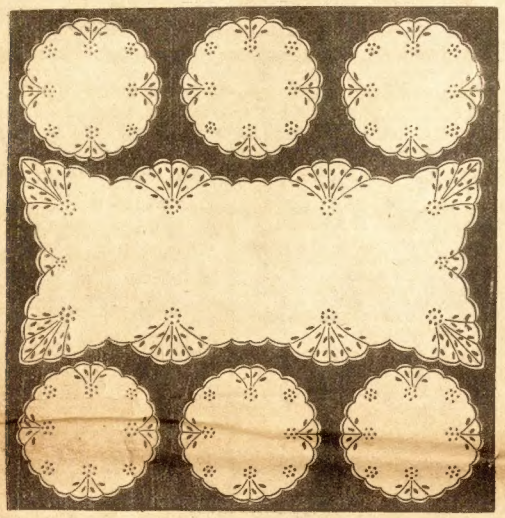

No. 5082, Table Set.

NO. 5082, TABLE SET—Consisting of: One tray cloth, size 3x16 inches; and six doilies to match, size 6x6 inches, all of which are stamped with design on white linene. We also include four skeins of floss for working. Sent for $1.50 in subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger.

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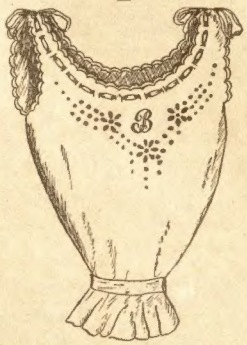

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No. 1713, Baby Pillow.

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June Weddings.

The first people to adopt the month of June as sacred to Hymen, the god of marriage, were the ancient Romans, who considered June the most propitious season of the year for entering upon matrimonial relations. The Romans held that June weddings were likely to be happier than alliances contracted in any other month of the year, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon.

They also held that of all months May was to be the most avoided, as in that month newlyweds would come under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households. These ancient marriage superstitions were retained by the Christians in the Middle Ages, and even today June is considered by many to be preeminently the month of marriages.

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9464 Cape with Vest, one size.

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9416 Barrel Skirt, sizes 16 and 18 yrs.

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9432 Tucked Dress, sizes 16 and 18 yrs

9456 Boy's Suit, 4 to 8 years.

9465A Child's Cap, one size.

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Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free three pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the three that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get six coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

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"It only takes me twenty minutes to get to my office," said Mr. Chuggins.

"But you didn't arrive until an hour after you telephoned that you were leaving home."

"Yes. It took me the other forty minutes to get the car started."

The Bachelor.

A schoolmistress asked her class to explain the word "bachelor" and she was amused when a little girl answered, "A bachelor is a very happy man."

"Where did you learn that?" asked the schoolmistress.

"Father told me."

Careful Man.

Patience—"I hear you were out in Fred's new car?"

Patrice—"I was, last night."

"Is he a careful driver?"

"Is he! Say, I was cold and he kept both hands on the steering wheel all the time we were out."

His Hold.

Mrs. Gridiron—"That young man who is visiting our daughter seems to have an awful hold on her."

Mr. Gridiron—"Why?"

"I couldn't get a word out of her about him."

"It's probably the strangle hold."

Kawnear Indoor Toilet

Guaranteed Sanitary and Odorless

Installed in Any Room, Closet, Stairway or Cellar Without Expense.

No Sewer, No Water, No Smell, No Trouble

On FREE TRIAL **No Money Down No Deposit!**

ECONOMICAL, Modern. Protects health, Saves money, Saves time and Work. The Kawnear Chemical Toilet is the original and thoroughly proven satisfactory Indoor Toilet. No more outside back yard inconveniences. No cesspool or plumbing. Destroys all disease germs. Prevents exposure, filth and bad odors of outhouse. Costs less than one cent a week per person. No trouble to install.

Insures Health, Refinement, Privacy

The environment in which we live has its effect whether for good or bad. Now that the Kawnear Chemical Indoor Toilet has been invented to replace the old outhouse, it is sure to be installed by those who abhor the publicity, discomfort and stench of the present outhouses. Women are embarrassed to parade before the world and hate to advertise their goings and comings, all because they have no indoor toilet. Thinking people know that an outdoor toilet hinders the teachings of culture and refinement—especially with growing girls and boys.

Can Be Installed

anywhere—in a cellar, in a closet, under a stairway, in a room, or even in the bedroom with a curtain around it. It is guaranteed absolutely odorless and sanitary. It is no trouble to put up. If you can set up a stove, you can install the Kawnear.

For Young—Old—Sick

Grandmother, grandfather, old and feeble, need this. Many a sick person is made worse by going to outside closet; old people fall or take cold. Save the annoyance of caring for chambers and give them the comfort of a toilet in a warm room. Think what it means to the MOTHER with small children and the saving in steps and sleep for her.

Convenience

The Kawnear saves you from work, worry and exposure; no need to bundle up in cold, rainy, stormy weather; no necessity to dress to answer Nature's call at night. Mother won't have to make the disagreeable trips several times each day with the little ones. She won't need to empty chambers for those too weak, indolent, or sick to stand exposure to the cold caused by the trips to the old-fashioned, out of date, unsanitary outhouse.

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If you rent you can still have the comfort of a Kawnear Toilet for your loved ones, as the installing of this toilet does not injure the house and you can take your toilet with you when you move, the same as you do your sewing machine.

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STATE OF KANSAS
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KAWNEAR CABINET CO
Kansas City, Mo.

I am enclosing copy of letter received from Prof. C. C. Young, detailing the result of investigation of the chemical action of the Kawnear Cabinet. It would seem that the use of the Kawnear Cabinet as directed was highly efficient in that it destroys all disease bearing organisms.

I would highly recommend the use of this cabinet with the dosage of chemicals directed, for public schools, in the home and other places where the sanitary disposal of human waste is so important.

Ordinarily we refuse to give testimonials that can be used in a commercial way, but the improvement in the disposal of human waste is so tremendously important that we are willing to waive our usual custom and caution and give you this letter.

The most dangerous single place on the farm or in the small town which is a menace to the life and health of individuals is the open, insanitary toilet.

This department welcomes and desires to encourage from the standpoint of health the use of the chemical toilet. They not only safe-guard the health and the life of the people using them, but from the standpoint of cleanliness, convenience and comfort are well worth the trial cost.

S. J. CRUMBINE, M. D., Secy.

TEST Made in Kansas University Proves Value of Our Claims

Prof. C. C. Young in Kansas University made a thorough test of the KAWNEAR Toilet with a number of students (public use) using the toilet. Read what he says:

KAWNEAR CABINET CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir:—On the attached pages are tabulated results of the experimental test done in the laboratory with the Kawnear Toilet.

At the request of Doctor Crumbine, Secretary of the State Board of Health we started a test on the Kawnear Cabinet. The equipment was set up in the public toilet room of Snow Hall, University of Kansas, October 1st, and it was examined several times daily and tests made.

We succeeded in getting a satisfactory elimination of bacteria with the dosage as directed and we conclude from our investigation, that the Kawnear Cabinet is entirely satisfactory for domestic or public use and that if operated according to directions will eliminate nuisance and prevent the carrying of disease by flies and render human excrement innocuous.

At no time has it given any odor and we consider the efficiency very satisfactory and can most certainly recommend it for unsewered residences or communities and highly efficient in killing out the fecal bacteria.

C. C. YOUNG, Director of Laboratory.

Health Boards, Schools, Doctors, Banks, Users, All Indorse The KAWNEAR

HOYT STATE BANK.

In answer to yours of the 3d in regard to our Chemical Closet, I will say that we like it very well. **It is odorless and we empty it only once a month.**

Very truly yours,
J. R. BURNS, Asst. Cashier,
Hoyt, Kan.

BOARD OF HEALTH, S. DAKOTA.

This is to certify that I am using one cabinet type Sanitary Closet in my residence. It is odorless and perfectly sanitary; in fact, all that the people claim for it. As a Sanitary Officer, it appears to me the ideal toilet for school houses as well as residences.

(Signed) W. S. VERCOE,
Superintendent State Board of Health, South Dakota.

PRES. BOARD OF EDUCATION.

In answer to your inquiry about the "Sanitary Closets" will say, we installed three of them last year on trial, and found them perfectly satisfactory, and this year we installed a number more of them.

We have a sewer system, and two of our school buildings are connected with it. In our High School building we have a fine flush system installed, but that room is no freer from odor than is the room where the Sanitary Closets are installed.

We have one building that is too far away from the sewer to be connected without a great deal of expense, so we put in these Sanitary Closets, and we find that the expense of running them is less than the water costs for the flush system, which we have connected to the sewer.

I believe you will make no mistake in putting them in.

AMOS LEUTY, M. D.,
President Board of Education,
Morris, Minnesota.

Costs Only 1c A Week

Per Person to Operate.

Description of Kawnear Indoor Toilet No. 35.

The lid is of solid wood—not veneered—glued in sections to prevent warping—like solid wood would do.

A removable metal shield, with an opening corresponding with the opening in the seat, covers the entire top of the cabinet, so that when the cover and seat are raised the cabinet is immediately converted into a men's urinal.

Inside the cabinet is a 10¾ gallon container made of galvanized steel—about the thickness of the steel used in shovels—enameled inside and should last a lifetime.

DIMENSIONS:—Height, 18 inches (same as your chairs); width, 20 inches; length, front to back, 26 inches; ventilating pipe, 4 inches in diameter.

The seat is especially well constructed for beauty, strength and utility, scientifically shaped to give the greatest comfort.

The front panel is five-ply, built up and veneered with one sheet (no joints) of veneer. Side panels are three-ply veneered to prevent warping—like solid wood would do.

The lid is of solid wood—not veneered—glued in sections to prevent warping—like solid wood would do.

KawnearChemical

Does Deodorize, Disinfect and Kill Disease Germs.

We furnish with each toilet one gallon of the famous Kawnear D. D. Chemicals, which will last the average family from four to six months. We manufacture and guarantee D. D. Chemicals and sell to our toilet users at the cost to handle, which is $1.50 a gallon. The Kawnear does not need daily attention—only once in two weeks it takes 10 minutes to empty and recharge.

Positive Guarantee

We absolutely guarantee that the Kawnear Toilet is odorless and sanitary and that our D. D. Chemical does everything we claim for it, and more. We know it is O. K. Try it in your own home. If it doesn't please you, if you aren't satisfied, send it back. You are to be the judge. Two of the biggest banks in Kansas City say we are all right and make good every promise.

Free Trial Information Coupon

KAWNEAR CABINET CO.,
1614 Waldheim Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me without obligation, complete information regarding the famous Kawnear Toilet and your Free Trial Offer.

Name _____

Street, R.F.D. or Box _____

City _____ State _____

Please Write Very Plain.

Sent To You On 10 Days Free Trial

Kawnear Cabinet Co. 1614 Waldheim Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.